THE NEW NORTH.

VOLUME 13. NO. [illegible]

RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN, THURSDAY, FEB. 15, 1894.

TERMS—$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

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Dr. Alfred Jilson, of New London, died at his home in that city Feb. 3. His son Frank, of Pennington, returned last week from attending the funeral.

Sheriff Ed Brazell was at Merrill last Thursday, where he joined the order of the benigned tailed cat, and did other things in keeping with an initiation of that kind.

Sam S. Miller leaves Monday for Sparta, where he has some legal business to attend to. From there he goes to Madison to argue a case before the supreme court.

The Hoo-Hoo meeting at Merrill last Thursday was a great success. Thirty six candidates tasted the water of everlasting life and had the scales removed from their eyes.

It will pay you to buy your winter cloak now. We will give you a discount of 50 per cent from our former prices until our present stock is all gone. An early call will insure the best chances. IRVIN GRAY. *

The winding up of the affairs of the Underwood Lumber Company at this point will soon be completed. John R. Snyder, the secretary of the concern thinks of going into business in Milwaukee.

Canned fruits are the best imitation of the genuine article you can get a this season of the year, but there is no imitation on prices. Langdon has the only one that no one else meets. It pays to buy of him. *

No better aid to digestion.
No better cure for dyspepsia.
Nothing more reliable for biliousness and constipation than DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills. Sold by J. J. Reardon & Co.*

[illegible]

H. Lewis made a business trip to Hurley last week.

Spafford & Cole have a new announcement in this issue.

Ex-Senator Wylie, of Stevens Point was in the city yesterday.

Sheriff Sills brought a couple of prisoners down from Eagle yesterday.

The grand holiday masquerade which takes place on the 22nd should not be forgotten.

H. H. Denison, of The Timberman, Chicago, interviewed the Rhinelander wholesalers this week.

C. E. Crusoe & Co. have a new advertisement this week which it will pay all buyers to examine.

It's all the same, a slight cold, congested lungs or severe cough. One Minute Cough Cure banishes them. Sold by J. J. Reardon & Co.

John Hilber was at Choate last week looking after his business. He has the contract to do all the piling for the lumber company.

Word from Shepard, Coon and Ogden says that they are now on their one hundred and sixty mile journey from Tower to Rainy River. They are making it with a team.

Groceries are the things which people should buy carefully if they wish to economize. Langdon's prices are such that you can buy more and make your monthly expenditure no higher. Try him and see.

De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve cleanses, purifies and heals. It was made for that purpose. Use it for burns, cuts, bruises, chapped hands, sores of all descriptions and if you have piles use it for them. Sold by J. J. Reardon & Co. *

Irvin Gray has decided to close out his entire stock of winter cloaks at a sacrifice rather than carry them over to another season. In order to do this quickly he has decided to reduce the prices on all cloaks and jackets just one half. The selection is large and for genuine bargains this is a chance which should not be missed *

Many of the lumbermen of this section know W. H. Ellis. It may be news to them but it is nevertheless true that he has embraced religion, joined the church and is one of the most enthusiastic workers for Christianity imaginable. Ellis is a magnetic fellow and his leading the new life will bring many another to the same way of thinking.

Mr. C. F. Davis, editor of the Bloomfield, Iowa, Farmer, says: "I can recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to all sufferers with colds and croup. I have used it in my family for the past two years and have found it the best I ever used for the purpose for which it is intended. 50 cent bottles for sale at the Palace Drug Store. *

The joint debate on the question of "Resolved that the Government has been unjust in its treatment of [illegible]

The Book of Grover.

(By Ben Hab, The Scribe.)

CHAPTER I.

Now it came to pass in the last days that the followers of Grover the great, surnamed the goldite, the same which begat Ruth and Esther and the panic and the Hawaiian trouble, were vexed with vexation exceeding, inasmuch as they listeth not to the locality where they abideth at.

For behold, in the beginning they girded up their loins and went before the people, crying with a loud roice, Verily, we say unto all men that we are Grorerites from exceeding far, far back, and woe unto ye who forget it.

And verily, we hold in exceeding great detestation that which the children of men call tariff, for is it not a thing fashioned by our enemies, the same which hath licked the ever lasting stuffing from us from generation to generation?

Yea verily, this same protective tariff it buildeth furnaces in the valley and smokestacks on the mountain-top; it turneth the wheels of progress, and causeth the desert to blossom like unto a green bay tree.

Wherefore do we of the tribe of Grover the great despise the same as a curse and an abomination in the sight of men.

Yes, as a stench that offendeth our nostrils, the same which we smelleth from afar off.

And behold in the great and terrible day of the ballot, when the armies of voters be gathered, shall we arise in our might and smite our enemies into mince-meat.

And our enemies shall be scattered like unto the leaves of the forest, for Grover shall rend them into fragments like unto a potter's vessel, that which hath been smitten by the flipper of a youth, and then shall the end come.

For in that day shall our banner be planted on the outer wall of the great citadel of the nation, and we shall bow down unto Grover, our deliverer, who shall thenceforth be known as the Savior of Mount Buzzard.

And he shall reign for four years, and shall shower good times and fat offices and special messages and free raw materials upon us in rich abundance forever.

And the black smoke of industry shall no longer obscure the noonday sun, and the farmer shall wear pants wove in foreign parts and socks from the far isles of the sea.

And it was even so. And after the space of a time, Grover, who was a mighty fisher, girded his lines and his chattels and his Cabinet and went up and pitched his tent over against the Capitol, which is in the land of Columbia, and the band played behold, the cat came back.

CHAPTER II.

Now when Grover was crowned king of the nation, it came to pass that he was puffed up in the pride of his heart and his other viscera, insomuch that his raiment became several cubits too small to contain his jobbots.

[illegible] nself by the hand, [illegible] manner of his tribe, [illegible] mself, saying, a ha! [illegible] narch of all I can [illegible] ears of Grover; four [illegible] Grover, O America, [illegible] ten would I have [illegible] my wing, but ye [illegible] ye on the hip, and [illegible] with a condition, [illegible] behold, I will rule [illegible] to commence with, I [illegible] great silver sword, [illegible] e on me and do my [illegible] sl and all who do [illegible]

[illegible] y soothsayers and [illegible] er and they shall [illegible] iff, and when they [illegible] eir tinkering. Me [illegible] er of the factory, [illegible] the same.

[illegible] ne to pass that all [illegible] to the sound of my [illegible] sewing machines [illegible] ost and ten off, and [illegible] r caskets from the [illegible]

[illegible] er had spake these [illegible] twice and the people [illegible] pt bitterly.

[illegible] TER III.

[illegible] space of a time it [illegible] t when the shepherds [illegible] lings of their flock [illegible] m, and went up to [illegible] nge there fleeces for [illegible] the wise men of the [illegible] em: Not this season [illegible] eason. Yea, Grover [illegible] is great. [illegible] all wool and a yard wide, but the slump in wool is several cubits wider.

And the shepards marveled exceeding, and some of them, yea even they which had harkened unto the voice of Grover smote their breasts and went up and down with beat heads crying to one another, "Behold if thou wilt kick me I will do even so unto thee."

And when the diggers of the earth went up with their silver and lead and precious stones and said to the money-changers, "Give us food that we may eat and clothing that we may dress up, the money-changers laughed little cold hard laughs and sang songs of great sacrifice, saying "Grover Grover, four more years of Grover; we would buy your lead, but times are dead, till four more years are over," and other psalms.

And when they heard the psalmists many hired kickers and others tore their hair and all the inhabitants of the nation said damn.

And it came to pass that the storms came and the panic descended and the children of darkness lifted up their hands and wrung them in great lamentation, saying:

"Wherefore art thou, Grover, our deliverer, and wherefore art the good times at?" and a mighty voice came back from the wilderness, saying: "The President is fishing and must not be disturbed."—Salt Lake Tribune.

Gambling is Closed.

Tuesday all keepers of gambling rooms in the city were notified that no more of it would be allowed and that every room must be closed at once and kept closed. The order was obeyed. Gambling has been running in a quiet way in a number of saloons, and recently the tiger has not only enlarged his fields of operation but has grown bold. A number of places were being fitted up for the annual spring rush, but the climax was reached last Friday night when an enterprising member of the craft who must have thought that this was Creede or Canyon City, got a band of music out in front of his newly fitted up gambling room. That settled it. In addition to being closed up two of the places were raided Tuesday night and the tables, tools, etc, taken by the sheriff. A half-dozen men were taken before Paul Browne yesterday charged with maintaining gambling houses and in the cases of three of them the charge was modified to simply gambling. The three plead guilty and a fine of ten dollars and costs was imposed. The cases against the room proprietors will come up in municipal court next Wednesday. The warrants were sworn out by Stock Sadky and the orders given to close by the Chief of Police acting under the instructions from chairman Beers.

An Oration.

One of the best reform speakers on the Continent will speak in the Grand Opera House on Monday, Feb. 26 and 27. Also he is one of the founders of the People's Party and he ought to know what the People's Party want, he is an able writer and editor of the best reform paper in the country, he is pleasing and eloquant, he knows what to say and how to say it, he does not appeal to prejudice, he appeals more to the higher and better feeling of his hearers, he does not speak so much to the every day laborers as he does to business men and professional men, his address is directed more to inteligent people, for he believes that inteligent people must direct the affairs of the ignorant, for if some are not inteligent it is not their fault but the fault of their education, he cares not what political party that puts his principles into law so long as they become law, he is not tied to the People's Party or any other party, but the People's Party believe in his principles and he is trying to make the people understand what those principles are, and we hope that all that can come and hear him will avail themselves of the opportunity. Mr. Beers, chairman of the town board, will preside. We will only charge 10 cents admission in order to defray expenses.

O. SIMONS
F. KLEMAN
Committee.

Joseph V. Dory, of Warsaw, Ill., was troubled with rheumatism and tried a number of different remedies, but none of them seemed to do him any good; but finally he got hold of one that speedily cured him. He was much pleased with it, and felt sure that others similary afflicted would like to know what the remedy was that cured him. He states for the benefit of the public that it is called Chamberlain's Pain Balm. For sale at the Palace Drug Store. *

Lay Sermons.

"Enter ye in at the straight gate"
Matt. 7-13.

On most any Sunday, if you take a stroll through the streets, the principal sights will be the groups of men lounging in front of apparently closed business establishments. They are closed so far as front appearances can indicate that condition. But if you happen to be sufficiently city bred, and your perceptions are keen enough to detect and analyze minor indications, you will observe a comparatively slight, disguised, yet perfectly visible movement, which shows that there is more in the street scene than is being enacted before the business fronts. You shall observe a sort of individual, struggling movement, or rather sauntering, towards the rear of the buildings. This is never so great as perceptibly to diminish the throng on the steps and side walks, and yet it is constantly going on. This movement shows to the initiated that there are back doors open, and that those back doors are not the apertures of legitimate places of business. In other words, while the stores and shops are closed in deference to law and public opinion, the saloons keep open house, although the openings are veiled from the public gaze. The modesty of this proceeding is really exquisite. The proprietors of those establishments are entitled to a chromo of Satan with his tail done up in curl papers. They say to the sensitive, thirsty young man, "we will shield you from the eyes of a censorious world." They say to the bold buccaneer, "we will not allow you to trample on the public feelings by recklessly walking through the front door. "In other words they say to any who are minded to go in that direction, "if you want to go to hell on Sunday you must go through the back door."

The number of those back doors is probably only limited by the number of establishments; and the number of those, young and old, who pass through those back doors on the road to perdition will never be known until eternity draws the veil from the secrets of the past.

But the men who own and open the back doors are not the most to blame. They are to blame only so far as any man is culpable who seeks fortune by questionable means. Men who are anxious to gratify their lower natures in unlawful ways will always find plenty of caterers. Wherever indolence and ease offer profit for the taking, there idleness and crime will come to pick up the nuggets. You can bet on that and your stake won't be raked off by the tiger either.

Well, who is to blame? All, of course, who are connected with the ins or outs of the business. But who is most to blame? Two classes. The first class is those who are weak enough to be enticed; who have not shame enough to shun the evil or courage enough to do the right. I am tired of hearing men who are guilty of making beasts of themselves throw all the blame on those who furnish the material. They are worse than Adam when he said, "the woman tempted me and I did eat." They act and talk as if there was some compulsory process which forced them to buy and consume the wares offered them. The second class is those who preach and legislate upon the subject. It is time that temperance lecturers and legislators realized that two parties engaged in crime are PARTICEPS CRIMINIS. Why anathematize one and pity the other? Why punish one and protect the other? I fail to appreciate the difference between the man who sells a glass of whiskey for ten cents and the man who squanders the dime and pours the execrable stuff down his gullet. If they are not partners then there is no partnership. Reform in this direction will never succeed until the law ceases to recognize distinctions, and punishes alike all who are equally guilty.

But I did not start out for a regular temperance sermon. I intended only to say a little about back doors. The saloon does not furnish all the back doors. They are everywhere. Young man, if you have a weakness for anything which is unsanctioned by decency, common sense, justice, morality or religion, you can always find a back door for its gratification. Why, the arch enemy of man knows just what you are made of. It makes no difference to him whether you use the front or rear entrance. He knows your preference and arranges his [illegible] accordingly. And so you find all around you the open portals of vice, both front and rear. In business methods; in moral obligations; in church connection; in religious practice; in social relations, you will find open before you doors through which you can boldly enter to do evil in the face of the world, and also back doors through which you can sneak and hide your doings from public scrutiny. Those doors are placed there by the spirit of evil. Worst of all they are placed close beside the doors which lead to the straight and narrow way. Every one has free choice of entrance. But I want to tell you one thing, ruin is at the back door just the same as at the front. Another thing. A sneak is never able to cover his tracks. You can't enter a back door and trust his Satanic Majesty to keep your secret. When you have passed in you are no more concealed than the hunted ostrich that hides its head in the sand.

There is only one way. Turn your back on all entrances to evil. The temple of truth has no back doors. The beautiful gate is always at the front. The man who goes through it partakes of the beauty and purity by which it is consecrated. Do you know, every man bears the stamp of his associations. You cannot deceive heaven's detectives. They are sharper than Inspector Javert. You carry the sign manual of vice or the signet of virture, AND THE WORLD READS IT. Remember that, when you go to the Pedro Club or call on your sweetheart. A man is known for just what he is and he cannot escape the judgment. "A man's a man for a' that" said Bobby Burns; but he is never a man until he can command himself. The supreme test of manhood, in my judgment is, when a man can stand erect, fearless and honest, looking full in the eye of his great Commander, and responding promptly as, ringing down the ranks of humanity, comes the command—"Front, Face!

Tomahawk Lake.

R. Bastian Sundayed with his family in Rhinelander.

E. R. LeFevre spent several days in Oshkosh on business.

J. Wiley, of Duluth, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. LeFevre Monday.

Tomahawk Lake can now boast of having a policeman. Of course there will be nothing for him to do.

Mrs. Ella McGrath left Tomahawk Lake last week for Neenah where she has accepted a position at the Russel House as housekeeper.

Our postmaster's family is suffering from a serious attack of the gripe.

Some of the young ladies of this city have organized a skei club. It is amusing for the spectators to see them try to appear quite like Norwegians.

There are rumors of another wedding in the near future and suppose we will again have a grand celebration.

Fred. Bicker, foreman of the Lake Shore Lbr. Co's Woodruff camp, is very ill with the typhoid fever. He was taken to his home at Royalton last week.

The Knights of Pythias Lodge has made a move which will result in a great deal of pleasure to the members of the order, and will prove a benefit to the place besides. The committee, consisting of W. B. LaSelle, W. E. Brown, E. C. Sturdevant and M. H. Raymond, which was appointed for the purpose of arranging a club room, are to report on an excellent plan. The front rooms of the Harrigan block adjoining the Lodge Castle Hall have been rented and will be finely carpeted and furnished. A reading room, well supplied with daily and weekly papers and many magizines will be one of the features. A billiard table has been purchased for the members use and a fine piano has also been ordered. The club room will be open each evening and Sunday afternoon. It will be in charge of a janitor who will always keep it in neat and orderly condition. Card playing will be allowed, but not for any stakes. On Sunday neither cards nor billiards will be allowed. Each member will be allowed to take a visitor with him to the rooms.

C. J. Kellar, who recently disposed of his interest in the Kellar Lumber Company, has gone into business in Boston, under the firm name of C. J. Kellar & Co. The firm here is now composed of the Day Brothers, who have always been in it and they will continue without change of firm name, for some time at least.

House and Lot for Sale.

The residence of A. F. Quall, one door north of the Alpine Hotel. Terms reasonable. Inquire of Carr & Eby.

THE KING OF THE ROAD.

With tattered blouse and nerves of steel
I see him pass my office door,
This monarch of the flying wheel
Who steals along the river's shore;
He whistling climbs into his place,
And leaning o'er he tries the gauge.
He says: "Old Time, to-day we'll race,"
And never dream he leads an age.

He glances back along the train
And hears the signal bell that rings.
He pulls upon his bridle rein,
And lo! the train has taken wings.
With rush and roar and shrieks of rage
It darts along the slender rail—
This giant horse of Time's old age
Is like a hound upon the trail.

The driver sees the whirling wheel,
Turn by the burnished arms that play
Above the slender arms of steel,
The while he whirls across the day.
While dreaming o'er some old love page;
Once more he lets the giant out.
She gives a sudden shriek of rage
And faster darts along the route.

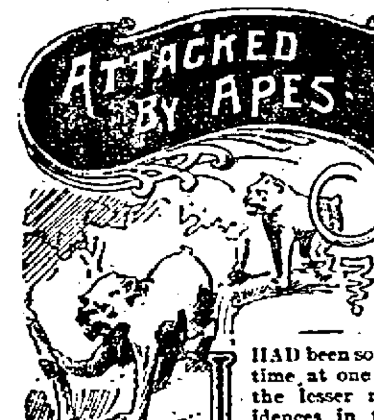
The hands upon Time's dial face
Say to him now: "Your train is late."
He says: "Old girl, we'll win this race
And make this 'run' as sure as fate."
Again his hand is lightly laid
Upon the throttle—open wide;
She darts away, as if afraid,
And swiftly rocks from side to side.

She plucks great fleecy clouds of steam
From out her pockets bound with brass
And turns them out beside the stream,
Like sheep, to pasture on the grass.
A sable cloud across the sky
Her mantle drifts, begemmed with sparks.
The while the mile posts passing by
He turns by her to minute marks.

And now the twain have struck their gait,
The engine and the engineer;
The very shadows lie in wait
To greet them with a ghostly cheer,
As rushing on with cries of rage
She dances o'er the slender rail,
This conqueror of Time's old age,
Who follows swift upon his trail.

Again upon the dial's face
The driver casts an eager look;
They stand together in their place,
The miles and minutes on his book.
He "shuts her off" and cries: "Well done,
Old girl: once more we've euchred Time."
He sets his brakes to end the run
And leaves her standing on the line.

Heroes there may have been of old,
But none outrank my engineer
Who from his window, joyous, bold,
Looks out with ne'er a thought of fear,
And pulls the throttle open wide
To hurry swift across the day—
King of the road, whate'er betide
'Till grim Death steals his crown away.
—Chicago Dispatch.



I HAD been some time at one of the lesser residences in the East Indies, spending my vacation with my young friend, Ned Templeton, the president's nephew, and we had made many incursions into the surrounding fields with dog and gun, bagging pheasants and rabbits.

Now and then we had caught sight of fiercer game which we did not venture to attack, for the jungles still afforded hiding places for tigers, and the neighboring forests harbored wild boar and deadly serpents.

Hundreds of monkeys were to be seen for the mere looking, and we had killed a few, though, as a rule, we did not seek that sort of game.

The so-called state carriage was always at our disposal, and at times we would take a ride through the immediate district, being accompanied by members of the president's household, who were arrayed in a half-livery, which, to the simple country folk, made them look like people of distinction.

The carriage itself was an old affair which had come out from the mother country, and at one time had been well gilded. Ned and I tried our hand on its restoration, and so well did we succeed that we made it a nine days' wonder in the little town when it reappeared on the streets.

"Let's take the president's chariot out for an airing to-day," said Ned one morning. "We will astonish the country folk and make them believe that some distinguished people have just come out from England."

Pleased with the idea, I agreed, and we concluded to take our guns with us in hopes of running across some birds or rabbits.

It was no trick at all to get the servants to accompany us, for they were always eager to go out with the "chariot," as we termed the old carriage, and when we had given orders to have it brought around we prepared for the trip ourselves.

When everything was ready, Ned gave orders for the drivers to take us down a certain road which for some distance led through a forest which, as we had seen, abounded in monkeys of all kinds.

Some of the lively inhabitants of the forest were large and ferocious, and these we had been warned by the natives not to shoot, as they were revengeful and might attack us in turn.

The old carriage was supplied with blinds which could be drawn, thus effectually shutting in the occupants from the outside world, and it was our custom when we did not care to be disturbed to ride with the blinds down.

But on this particular morning, which was bright and clear, we had the blinds up so that we could see the country which lay stretched before us in all its tropical beauty.

The great forest, as we called it, was nearly five miles from the residency, and when we reached it we could see scores of apes among the trees.

We had been rolling along quite briskly since starting, one of the servants riding one of the carriage horses, while the other was seated outside between the hind wheels.

Ned now asked the man to drive slowly so as to afford us a good view of the mischievous creatures which looked at us from a hundred points, and all the time kept chattering in high glee.

Every now and then one would descend to the ground and make faces at us around a tree trunk as we watched him from the carriage.

All at once Ned picked up his gun and called the rider to pull up.

"I am going to have a shot at that old fellow in the fork yonder," said he as he opened the door.

"No, no, no shoot, sahib," cried the excited servant as Ned stepped out. "Apes fight back sometimes, and we no get away from them if they do."

Sure enough the whole forest seemed black with the beasts.

They seemed to descend from every tree, and with cries that frightened me they leaped to the ground and stood on their hind feet, while they snapped and snarled at us like a legion of fiends.

The head man leaped upon the horse, while the other ran to his place behind the carriage, and the cracking of the whip sent the team away.

But we had precipitated a battle royal with the apes of India, for the moment the horses started the animals, with wild screeches, made for us and in a jiffy were swarming over the sides of the chariot.

I saw the man on the horse strike at them with the whip, while the native on the back perch did the same thing with a stick which he had hastily picked up, but this did not deter our assailants, and the attack became fiercer each moment.

"Down with the blinds!" exclaimed Ned, as he struggled with one. "The demons will swarm inside if we don't get them down at once!"

I had already turned to the blinds, seeing the necessity for their closing even before Ned had spoken, and while I tugged at the one on my side I was facing a pair of ferocious eyes and had to beat off a large hand which tried to grab my face.

The carriage being very heavy, the horses could not draw it very fast, and as the poor steeds were surrounded by apes they became frightened and for a time we feared we would have to stop and fight for our lives in the road.

By this time the blinds had been pulled down, but the carriage was covered with apes, despite the efforts of the servants to beat them off.

Ned and I sank back and remained silent. We could hear the screeches of the giant apes and the wild snorts of our horses mingled with the cries of the two men.

All at once the carriage stopped. I felt the fore wheel on my side sink into a chuck hole, and in another instant I heard the driver shout that the axle was broken.

Now came the tug of war, for we seemed to be placed at the mercy of the maddened apes.

"We've got to fight it out here," cried Ned, as he seized his gun and threw up the blinds.

The sight that met our boyish eyes as we looked out was enough to blanch our cheeks.

The two men were on the ground fighting the apes with clubs, and it seemed to me that all the monkeys of India had united for our destruction.

Nevertheless, Ned and I threw open the door and presented ourselves with our guns.

The enemy paused in their attack at sight of us, and as we sprang out and fired into their midst they fell back a pace, while some retreated with cries of pain.

"Once more!" cried Ned, and we reloaded hastily. "Show them that we are not to be overpowered by a lot of apes."

But such was the fury of the creatures that they equally came back to the charge despite our shots, and we were driven to the very steps of the state carriage, where we had to club the guns and beat them off by sheer muscle.

It was a terrible struggle, and against such a host the odds seemed against us.

Suddenly we heard a shout down the road and in another moment a small

IT WAS A TERRIBLE STRUGGLE.

troop of native cavalry came in sight. As the brownskins galloped toward us the apes took flight and scampered up the trees, vanishing as if by magic among the upper branches.

The natives managed to mend the carriage, after a fashion, and then insisted on guarding us back to the residency, which we reached without further misadventures.

With all our fighting but few animals had been killed. We ourselves had hardly a scratch, but the apes had torn the curtains of the gilded chariot pretty well to pieces, and no doubt would have served us the same way if help had not arrived opportunely.

Altogether it was a very novel adventure, but one which we did not care to repeat; and thereafter whenever we went out in the state carriage we took another road, nor did we molest any of the apes which we sometimes saw taking their siestas in the forks of the tall trees.

Our one experience had been enough, and to this day I recall with a mingled smile and shudder our battle with the great apes of East India.—St. Louis Republic.

—A Cold Corner.—"Arthur is wrapped up in that Boston girl." "Is he? I hope he has his overcoat on."—Life.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—Dueling in Russia has become so common that the government has been compelled to decree a code of punishment. If a duelist kills an antagonist, it will cost him six years in prison; for severe wounding, the penalty will be three years; duel without injury, six months; provoking a duel, six weeks to three months.

—Offenbach was the French Gilmore. He always tried to please rather than instruct, and of the sixty-four operas that he wrote in less than twenty-five years only one had the good fortune to last more than three or four years. His maxim was "A grain of wit is better than a bushel of learning," and never tired of repeating it.

—In Hawaii, last year, 2,252 persons were arrested for drunkenness, 366 for "deserting contract service," 307 for gambling, 10 for murder, 77 for violation of carriage ordinances, 1 for "permitting a ferocious beast abroad," 1 for "attempting to leave the kingdom without a permit," and 111 for "disturbing the quiet of the night."

—A "massage stone" is coming into use in England that is made of unglazed china and provided with a sort of dorsal lump for holding in the hand, and has the rubbing slightly undulated, not to say ridged. The stone is white, and even when used on recently-washed skin it soon becomes darkened, showing that it squeezes a good deal of material from the pores.

—The hottest region on the earth's surface is on the southwestern coast of Persia, on the border of the Persian gulf. For forty consecutive days in the months of July and August the mercury has been known to stand above one hundred degrees in the shade night and day, and to run up as high as one hundred and thirty degrees in the middle of the afternoon.

—The Vienna police have general charge of all newspapers, and keep records of all presses and publications, maintain a censorship over all theaters and plays, issue licenses for the publication and sale of all books, magazines and periodicals. All plays, dialogues, songs, dances and entertainments by societies, clubs or individuals must be submitted to the police and approved before production.

—By cholera and other diseases, the Mohammedan pilgrimage to Mecca this year cost the lives of more than thirty thousand people in the space of a fortnight. Medieval pilgrimages to Jerusalem were probably the cause of not a few plague epidemics. A Mussulman doctor and employe of the Egyptian government, in a treatise on the pilgrimage, demands, if not its total suppression, at least a considerable modification.

—In the English compulsory labor prisons the prisoners pass nine months in solitary confinement, and are then assigned to the public works prisons for hard labor. By good behavior they experience a gradual amelioration in their condition. At first they are not allowed to write or receive letters, and may see no visitors. Then, upon advancement, they may write and receive one letter every six months and see one visitor; then the privilege is extended to once in four months, then once in three.

—The gaekwar of Baroda has proposed a new law for the purpose of stopping early marriages. Any five members of a group of families possessing the right of intermarriage may call a general meeting of the clan, three-fourths of them being necessary to form a quorum. Nine-sixteenths of those present can say whether early marriages should be prevented or not, and penalties are prescribed for those who disobey the rule. Whoever desires to live outside the law or his clan, however, can notify the wahiwatdar to that effect, and receive license to do as he pleases. Early marriages are made to include not only the marriages of boys to girls, but also of a "bride of twenty-nine with a bridegroom of fifty."

COLUMBUS IN MADEIRA.

The Great Navigator Had Vague Evidences of the Western Land.

The island of Madeira, in the Atlantic ocean, although of volcanic origin, is rich in fruits and grain, while its climate is so equable that invalids from all parts of the world seek from it relief and strength.

The island is also noted as having been the home of Columbus for some years. It was on the neighboring island of Porto Santo that he married Dona Fillippa, a daughter of Bartholomew Perestrello, the first governor of the island.

An old chronicle tells us that in the year 1486 a Portugues vessel, after a long and tempestuous voyage, was driven to the island of Madeira. All the crew except three and the pilot had died. The survivors, who were badly exhausted, were taken by Columbus to his home. They told him how their vessel had been driven from its course, and of strange lands which they had seen; supposed to be the West Indies.

In a few days they all died; but the pilot, before his death, gave to Columbus several maps and papers which contained notes of his voyage.

Columbus studied these papers carefully. His father-in-law at one time had been a captain in the service of Prince Henry, the navigator, and he, too, had manuscript accounts of voyages which he had made. Then vessels were often touching at Madeira from all parts of the world, with the captains of which Columbus talked, and he began to be strongly convinced that there were wonderful lands in the western seas.

So he diligently pored over the logs and papers of his father-in-law, and the story of strange wanderings which was left him by the pilot whom he befriended. He listened to old sailors, as they sat by night on the deck of some caravel at anchor at Madeira and told him marvelous tales of strange lands and peoples. Was not the mysterious flying island of St. Brandan sometimes seen in the west? Away beyond the Canaries did there not lie the lost Island of the Seven Cities, which two brave and adventurous men from his own city of Genoa had tried in vain to discover?

Besides all this, the gulf stream washed the west coast of Porto Santo, and there had often been picked up sea beans or chestnuts. They are the fruit of trees growing in the West Indies.

His brother-in-law, too, had found on the shores great pieces of wool strangely carved, and so day by day there grew more strongly within his mind the idea of reaching Asia by steering straight into the unknown west.

One of the first settlers of Madeira was a Genoese, named John Esmeraldo. He came to the island in 1480, and lived in the city of Funchal.

He built a house for himself on the street which bears his name. Then he bought an estate twenty-two miles from Funchal, to which he transferred his residence, Columbus, who was his friend, occupying his old house.

The house, which in the end was used as a barn, was torn down in 1877. A table made from wood taken from the house at the time was seen at the World's fair.

The house of Gov. Perestrello, at Porto Santo, in which Columbus also lived, is still partly standing, overlooking the bay. The east wing fell within the present century, and was rebuilt.

The southwest wing fell ten years ago, but is being reconstructed. The center still stands, although one of the walls has sunk several inches. The stone stairs leading to the upper floors are badly worn, and bear mute testimony to the many feet that have trodden them for more than four centuries.—Golden Days.

HEREDITARY DISEASE.

A London Physician on Its Remoteness of Origin.

We know that features, form, frame, peculiarity of constitution, susceptibility to certain agents, not to speak of character, mental and moral, the passions and the intellect, are often derived from progenitors many steps upward in the ancestral tree. Individually we are combinations of many ancestors. The actual traits of the parents may or may not be seen in their offspring, and it is more common to find that one or two only are represented in each child. The remainder are doubtless derived from some ancestor long forgotten, whose intellectual powers or defects, infirmities or vigor of body, whose faults and follies, whose brilliant powers or miserable failings may be reflected in a remote descendant, as he himself has derived them from some distant ancestor. We are accustomed to say that gout may skip a generation, and why may it not skip four or five?

Hereditary tendency is probably of far more remote origin than is commonly supposed, and is a reflection of the tendencies of untold numbers who have preceded us in the family tree. It is a frightful thing thus to look back on the sins of our forefathers and to recognize the transmitted punishment, but it is in accordance with other facts of moral origin and highest dictation. It is sometimes asserted that when people live together, or are intimately associated, they grow like each other, and we know that schoolboys are apt to catch any peculiarity of habit or expression of their tutor or schoolmaster. This is undoubtedly the case, but it is a very different thing from heredity. Physical peculiarities acquired accidentally are not transmitted. A man loses a leg, but his children are born with their proper complement. For generations past it has been customary to cut off the ears and tails of certain breeds of dogs, but it has not resulted in the establishment of a race of animals unfurnished with these useful appendages. On the other hand, when by a curious freak of nature a man is born with a supernumary finger or toe he may transmit this peculiarity to his children. It sometimes happens that children of one sex exhibit an hereditary taint, while those of the opposite sex escape it. The boys "take after" the father and the girls after the mother, and a tendency to disease may be more or less powerful as the child resembles one or the other parent.—St. Louis Republic.

DESERTED DIGGINGS.

Distorted Landscape Features That Mark a Mining Folly.

The dreariest tract of country through which I have traveled for a long time, said a traveling man recently, is the southeastern part of the state of Maine which was the locus of the mining craze a few years ago.

There is no railroad in that section, and in order to get to my destination, the town of Machias, I had to drive more than sixty miles from the nearest point on the railroad which runs to [illegible] Harbor.

I passed through miles of country which was characterized by deserted shafts of copper and silver mines, the ore taken from which did not begin to reimburse the unlucky speculators for their outlay.

Every now and then one sees the mouldering remains of what was at that time believed to be the nucleus of a future village; the decaying shells of hotels, bearing such characteristic names as "Copperopolis Hotel," etc. In the neighborhood of these are to be seen the dilapidated homes built by speculators for a population which never materialized—habitations which were never even dwelt in for a day.

The excavations made in some places by the misguided miners are extensive, and the huge artificial caverns thus created will remain forever, emphasizing in their unsightliness a folly which infected the population of the entire state.

The one small return which nature gave for all this foolish expenditure of time and money exist to-day in the wells of pure water which were "struck" in the course of the sinking of shafts through the solid rock.—N. Y. Herald.

—Cincinnati has 297,000 population and 412 police. In 1892 there were 15,545 arrests.

A YOUNG LIFE WRECKED.

And All on Account of the Name Given Him by His Parents.

"You shall not go!"

"I must go. I must. It's nearly five."

The two young men, so dissimilar, stood facing each other, the younger but stronger looking of the two with his back against the closed door of the handsomely-furnished room. The elder man, his slight form clothed in correct afternoon costume, clutched nervously at the back of a chair as if for support.

It was a strange scene. One brother barring the door to the other. What a difference in the faces. In the eyes of one could be read unflinching determination, tinged with gleams of pity. The other's told of entreaty, piteous entreaty and abasement.

The Swiss clock on the wall ticked the seconds away as the brothers faced each other. There was a click and the doors of the ornamented chateau on top of the time-piece opened and a bird, bearing the features of an administration senator, appeared and cuckooed five times. The slight man sank into an armchair.

"Let us talk sensibly," said the other, as he placed a chair against the door and sat on it. "For the sake of your family, for the sake of your friends, for your own future, can not you break loose from this horrible habit, that is sapping your energy and brain? Three years ago I left you well and happy, and now I find you in this terrible condition."

"It's all of no use. Of no use. I have struggled madly, wildly."

"But how did you, a sensible young man, come to fall so far?"

"It was our parents' fault."

"What?"

"Oh, you may say 'what' as much as you please, but it's true just the same. You were all right. You were lucky. They called you Bill, and there you were. What did they christen me? Why, 'Herbert Edwin,' and from that day I was doomed. There was no more hope for me than for a man named Bal four at an Irish picnic.

"We didn't realize what is meant, but you can remember how things were. Your name was Bill and your hair was cut when you put on your first trousers. My name was Herbert Edwin and they put me in Fauntleroys and let my hair grow and tried to curl it, although it had no more curl to it than an Indian's.

"That was the way it was right along through school and college. Why, I might have been on the foot ball team if the captain had not said, 'Herbert Edwin! Well, I guess not.' That settled it, and all the honors I got was a place on the sophomore reception committee, which was worse than nothing.

"Honestly, Bill, when I graduated from college and came home, I firmly determined to do the right thing. I said to myself, 'I will show these people an example of a man becoming a credit in spite of adverse circumstances. I will live down my name, or rather, I will rise superior to its baleful influence.' That was what I said, but it was of no use.

"In a moment of careless foolhardiness I went to an afternoon tea. No thought of my terrible danger came to me. Through the waving petals of the chrysanthemum on my coat I could catch occasional glimpses of the dim, wintry sun, and I went calmly to my fate. On the sidewalk in front of the house a benevolent-looking old gentleman handed me a tract with a pleading, warning look. It was headed: 'The Terrible Curse, or Why Thomas J. Bippus Became T. Juniper Bippus.' I thrust the tract in my pocket. Ah! If I had only read it then and taken heed.

"As I went up the steps a man pushed by me, putting on his coat as he went. I recognized him. His name was Ebenezer Isaac. 'Where's the nearest bar?' he said wildly. 'I've been poisoned.' With a happy smile the tract man pointed to the corner, and Ebenezer disappeared.

"Inside there were twenty-six ladies and one man. His name was Reginald Algernon, and he owned the place. I was introduced as Herbert Edwin and was made much of. I drank tea and then I drank more tea, and I ate little combinations of air and sugar called in flattery cakes. That night I went home with no appetite for dinner, but thoroughly steeped in tea and small talk. The next morning I awoke with an utter loathing for tea. If the Chinese nation could have had only one big tail I would have spent hours tweaking it. But I recovered and went again.

"It is needless to speak of the steps in my downfall. You see the result. I am a confirmed five o'clock tea'er. I make afternoon calls, and as soon as five o'clock comes if I can not get to a [illegible] day."

Herbert Edwin staggered across the room and fell weeping on a divan.—Washington Star.

The Death of a Salem "Wizard."

"The Man of Iron," otherwise "Giles the Wizard," was one of the persons put to death during the witchcraft persecutions at Salem, Mass. His real name was Giles Corey and at the time of his awful death he was an old man past eighty. When accused of being a "wizard" (which the Salem lunatics have considered the masculine of "witch") he calmly met their charges and cooly informed them that he would die rather than admit that he had ever had communion with evil spirits. He was put to the peine forte et dure (death by pressure with huge weights), his fortitude during his dying moments winning for him the title of the fire line.—N. Y. Times.

—Consolation.—She—Oh, George, that horrid Brooks [illegible] saw you kiss me last night." He—"That's all right. She won't say anything [illegible] too."—Detroit Free Press.

NATURE'S UPHEAVALS.

[illegible] the Calm Con[illegible] [illegible] the Future.

Many are [illegible] to accuse Providence for [illegible] great loss of human life, [illegible] we are all under capital [illegible] that the occurrence of death [illegible] instead of in detail [illegible] difference in the great [illegible] many more doubt, if Providence does not leave the world to [illegible] and provide for its own [illegible] theory which can not be [illegible] by any individual occurrence. [illegible] would be a different [illegible] fulrarity and compar[illegible] the cataclysms which [illegible] the effects of [illegible] the barbarian invasion [illegible] or the Mohammedan conquests, audible history does not record one, not even the burning of Rome, which has much affected the course of events in the happiness of mankind.

Behind history, if Sir H. Howorth is right, such cataclysms may have occurred, but within history we know of none. The very biggest was probably the outbreak of the black death, which in 1348-51 destroyed a third of our own population, and certainly deflected the course of its social history. The volcanic outbursts have usually occurred in thinly-populated districts; among capitals Lisbon only has been heavily struck, and it revived, while, though there have been numberless famines, no famine has ever destroyed a race.

Wild tribes have passed away, there is reason to believe, under the attack epidemic—the people of Fiji nearly perished in our own time—and localities have been desolated, but no civilized people has died out through disease. Yet there seems no absolute reason why an epidemic should not gather strength for months, as it usually does for weeks, until its ravages destroyed a nation; why a storm wave should not overwhelm a country like Holland, or why a city or a port, or for that matter a vast reach of inhabited territory in harvest time, should not perish in a fire.

Think what masses of inflammable material we gather together, and how few are the great fires! How much dynamite is there stored in London or Liverpool, or, perhaps, unloading at this very moment in Cardiff? There is hardly a limit to what a fire or a flood or the cholera might do, and yet men live on, full of a reasonable security born in all of long experience, and strengthened in a few by a confidence, not quite so reasonable, that Providence will not suffer a huge calamity. Providence has probably suffered the annihilation of worlds. Every now and then the security is broken by an event like the explosion of Krakatoa, which has never been sufficiently described, and which might have altered the face of the world.—London Spectator.

An Old-New Land.

It would be difficult to find any other territory in the western hemisphere which has been so long in process of development, with so little actually accomplished, as the peninsula of lower California. Three hundred and sixty years have passed since Cortez first visited it, and, true to the instincts of the early Spanish adventurers, tempted his fellow-countrymen with apocryphal tales of the treasures that he found. This was the beginning of the romantic stories about this land, which since then have unceasingly been told, but which have oftener been the romance of depreciation than solid fact. No greater misfortune can befall a country than that it should become known as a "treasure land," where adventurers who will hazard much may hope to gain much, rather than as one where moderate rewards will recompense honest toil. Such a reputation attracts reckless men who, failing in that which they seek, having no mind for honest and prosaic methods of life, readily turn to crime in order to quickly achieve the fortune which eluded them.—Lippincott's.

The Arab's Rich Dress.

A rich man among the Arabs dresses richly. His shirt is fine linen. His inside vest is buttoned, the outside one worn loose. A long paletot often takes the place of the latter. It is cut part way down from the neck, and the loose armholes allow the arms to be held in or outside. The wide trousers are bound about the waist by a rich scarf. Over all is frequently worn the loose tunic, cut V-shape at the neck, and with short sleeves low down. The swell wears European socks, and his slippers, usually trodden down at the heel by the common or careless, are handsomely embroidered or of fine morocco, red or yellow. The calf is naked. Parts of his dress are dropped at inter[illegible] to the weather or habit. [illegible] really magnificent than a [illegible] Arab [illegible] man of wealth.—Harper's Magazine.

[illegible] Best Policy.

Mother—Here, Arthur, is the ten cents I promised you for being vaccinated.

Arthur—Just give me a nickel, mamma. It only hurt half as much as I thought it would.—Judge.

Apropos.

The Son of His Father—The World owes me a living!

The Self-made Man—Well, why in the thunder don't you go to work and collect the bill?—Truth.

—Vice is the bane of a republic, and saps the foundations of liberty. If our economy, temperance, justice and public faith are once extinguished by the opposite vices, our boasted constitution, which is built on the pillars of virtue, must necessarily fall.—Emmons.

—An agricultural laborer in India is supposed to receive five cents a day, but in general his wages are not so large.

—The Rhode Island penitentiary has 124 convicts, and is run at an annual loss of $20,000.

Royal Buckwheats.

For generations it has been the custom to mix the batter for buckwheat cakes with yeast or emptyings, retaining a portion of the batter left over from one morning to raise the cakes for the following day.

If kept too warm, or not used promptly, this batter becomes excessively sour and objectionable. Buckwheat cakes raised by this means are more often sour or heavy than light and sweet. If eaten daily they distress the stomach and cause skin eruptions and itching.

Instead of the old-fashioned way we have been making buckwheat cakes this winter with Royal Baking Powder, mixing the batter fresh daily, and find the result wonderfully satisfactory. They are uniformly light and sweet, more palatable and wholesome, and can be eaten continuously without the slightest digestive inconvenience. Besides they are mixed and baked in a moment, requiring no time to rise. Following is the receipt used:

Two cups of pure buckwheat flour (not "prepared" or mixed); one cup of wheat flour, two tablespoons of Royal Baking Powder and one-half teaspoonful of salt, all sifted well together. Mix with milk into a thin batter and bake at once on a hot griddle. Once properly tested from this receipt, no other buckwheat will find its way to your table.—Domestic Cookery.

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE birth rate is declining in the United States.

PLUM trees are now in full bloom at Pleasant Valley Cal.

FRANCE gathers a window tax on more than 9,000,000 houses.

THE Eye is the name of the local newspaper at Needles, Cal.

MISSOURI has twenty-eight counties that produce lead and zinc ore.

THE assessed value of property in California has doubled since 1880.

THE catacombs of Rome contain the remains of about 6,000,000 people.

THE Boston Phillips Brooks statue fund now amounts to about $50,000.

A NEW alkaloid has been extracted from the coffee bean and named coffearine.

DANISH lighthouses are supplied with oil to pump on the waves in case of a storm.

BELLS toll for the making or breaking of engagements in some German towns.

SATISFACTORY gas pipes are now made of manilla paper coated with asphalt.

WAYNE MACVEAGH, ambassador to Italy, carried with him a new bust of George Washington for the legation at Rome.

THE United States is first in the value of horses, Great Britain coming next, France third and Germany fourth.

EX-JUDGE LAMBERT TREE, formerly U. S. minister to Belgium, is about starting for a tour of the African coast to Asia.

A WRITER, who claims to speak with authority, says that Texas felt the hard times less than any other state in the union.

THE people of the United States consume nearly one-half of the seven million ounces of quinine produced in the world every year.

A PROPOSITION for a great shipway through France, between the English channel and the Mediterranean, meets with much approval abroad.

IF a piece of a Negro's skin be grafted on a white man, the transplanted piece will gradually assume the color and texture of the surrounding cuticle.

A SQUARE copper coin, struck by the Swedish government in the sixteenth century, is nearly one-half inch thick and weighs a pound and a quarter.

GEN. MALTZEFF, a great Russian landed proprietor, who died recently, owned twenty-nine mines, in which about 35,000 workmen are employed.

A NINETY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD beggar of Pesth, Hungary, attempted suicide because he was no longer able to support his parents, who are 125 and 120 years old.

A SCHOOL building at Southampton, Pa., was blown down by a recent gale. The building was filled by scholars, but all of them escaped without serious injury.

JULES CLARETIE paid a visit to Mlle. Rosa Bonheur recently, and he says that in spite of her seventy years she is bright and alert and quite youthful in manner.

A NEW YORKER weighing over 300 pounds fell off a dock into the East river the other day. It required the united efforts of six men and tackle to rescue him.

IN the most crowded precinct of Boston, the recent tenement house census found the average number of persons in a house to be 17.81, and the average number of persons in a room 1.65.

HISTORIC old Castle Garden has been converted into a magnificently appointed aquarium. The work on the building has been completed, and but little remains to be done in the interior.

CAPT. E. D. BELL, of Alaska, says that the Indians of that territory are being cleaned out by disease and bad whisky at such a rate that in ten years an Alaskan Indian will be almost a curiosity.

WITH its tributaries, many of them large and important rivers, the waters of the Amazon form an inland navigation of not less than fifty thousand miles, a line double the circumference of the globe.

RABBI WISE, of Cincinnati, who is trying to find out how many Jews there are in the world, has come to the conclusion that there are over 14,000,000 of them.

THERE are more than 2,000 articles of various descriptions that were lost by visitors during the World's fair season, stored away in a room of the old service building at Jackson park awaiting claims.

ONE of the shortest wills on record, a document containing but forty-two words, was filed for probate in San Francisco recently. The maker of the will, Mme. Lerda, devised a large estate to her husband.

THE WORST FOR YEARS.

Furious Blizzard Rages in the West—Railroads Blockaded.

TOPEKA, Kan., Feb. 13.—A blinding snowstorm prevailed here Sunday. The wind blew furiously, piling the snow in great drifts along the street. The Electric Railroad company abandoned its east and west lines at noon, and it was with difficulty that cars were kept in motion on lines running north and south.

Railroad trains are generally late, but no blockades have been reported. Trains are preceded by snow-plows. Reports at the railroad offices indicate that the storm is general. The storm, if it lasts long enough, will prove a blessing to the wheat crop.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Feb. 13.—Signal Officer Conner declares that the blizzard is the worst experienced in this part of the country since the establishment of the signal office in this city. Incoming trains from the west on all roads are reported to be from four to twelve hours late, and some of them have been "lost" altogether. Dispatches from Oklahoma and the Indian territory indicate that the suffering among the settlers will be severe, as the snow is accompanied by very cold winds, and at some points the thermometer is several degrees below zero. The loss of life, it is expected, will also be very great.

Car lines in the city were compelled to abandon their business at 4 o'clock, being unable to keep the tracks sufficiently clear to permit the cars to run, and a long line of grips and coaches are stretched along the various lines in different parts of the city. Only those who have to be out are in the streets, as it is almost an impossibility for pedestrians to get about.

EMPORIA, Kan., Feb. 13.—The worst blizzard experienced here in years has been prevailing. Snow here is nearly 2 feet deep with no appearance of abating. Only one train has reached here from the east, and passenger and freights are reported blocked all along the lines. The storm prevails throughout the state. Many cattle will perish.

PARSONS, Kan., Feb. 13.—The worst snowstorm that has prevailed in southeastern Kansas since the memorable storm of 1885 set in here at 1 o'clock Sunday morning and continued throughout the day, snow covering the ground to the depth of 8 inches. Advices received at headquarters of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railroad are to the effect that the storm prevails along the entire system of the road from points in Missouri to Texas. A strong wind has been prevalent and the snow is drifting badly.

OMAHA, Neb., Feb. 13.—A storm has raged generally in the upper Missouri country, covering the entire territory between the river and the mountains. The wind is from the north, blowing almost a gale, accompanied by fine snow, which is drifted badly and packed hard. All outgoing railroad trains were abandoned Sunday night, and incoming are from two to six hours late. A general blockade is feared. The mercury is below zero. This will entail great suffering and probably extensive loss among cattle ranges. The wet snow of Friday covered all forage and this latter fall will make it impossible for the cattle to obtain any food.

HENNESSY, O. T., Feb. 13.—A terrible norther, never before experienced in this part of the country, reached here at 7 o'clock Sunday morning. Over a foot of snow has fallen on the level, and it has drifted in places 6 feet deep. Railroad traffic is entirely suspended. The blizzard came up very suddenly, and no doubt the poorly-sheltered settlers in the Cherokee strip will suffer greatly from exposure.

SAN ANGELO, Tex., Feb. 13.—Eight hours the snow fell here Sunday, accompanied by a cold north wind, which has considerably alarmed stockmen. If the snow continues for any length of time the death percentage of stock will be large, as cattle in many localities are barely alive, with nothing to eat on the ranches.

TOBACCO BURNED.

Big Factories at Henderson, Ky., Destroyed—Loss Over $150,000.

HENDERSON, Ky., Feb. 13.—Henderson was visited Sunday by the most disastrous fire that ever occurred in the history of the place, starting with John H. Barrett & Co.'s large tobacco steemery at the corner of Main and Fifth streets. The fire was forced by a strong wind to the factory of R. H. Soper, on the opposite corner. Both these buildings, containing about 1,000,000 pounds of tobacco, together with four brick dwellings, were quickly destroyed. The total loss was something over $150,000, three-fourths of which was covered by insurance. The fire was of incendiary origin.

THE SOUTH PROSPERING.

Improvement in All Lines of Business in That Section.

BALTIMORE, Md., Feb. 13.—In its weekly review of the conditions of business in the south the Manufacturer's Record says:

"There is a decided improvement, with increasing activity in many directions. A large number of southern factories, including a rolling mill that employs nearly 1,000 hands and an iron pipe-works that employs 400 or 500, have started up during the week. The Newport News shipyard is engaging 1,200 additional hands to work on contracts lately secured. Bank clearings show an improvement compared with other sections. The sales of fertilizers are very heavy and the spring jobbing trade outlook is very promising."

HANGED WITH A CHAIN.

Colored Boy Meets Death While Playfully Imitating an Execution.

JACKSON, Tenn., Feb. 13.—Ed Benson, a 15-year-old colored boy, while playing with a playmate on Highland avenue, attached a chain to a telephone pole and playfully placed it around his neck saying that he was going to hang himself. In some manner his feet slipped from the curbstone and his body danced into the air. Before his youthful playmate could secure assistance he was strangled to death.

HUNDREDS SLAIN.

Battle Between Brazilian Troops and Insurgents.

The Rebels Repulsed at Nictheroy—Five Hundred Men Reported Slain in the Fight—Insurgent Officers Are Captured.

A BLOODY CONTEST.

RIO JANEIRO, Feb. 9, via Montevideo, Feb. 13.—The insurgent fleet attacked Armaca, at 5 o'clock Thursday evening and continued the fight until daybreak. The insurgents landed troops and destroyed the beach and hilltop forts of the government. With six heavy guns and two magazine guns they swept the streets of Nictheroy, but finally were forced to retreat before the superior numbers of the government force. The government admits a loss of 500. The correspondent at Nictheroy says 500 is nearer the true loss. The insurgents succeeded beyond all hopes, having destroyed the government position most menacing to the fleet, and having lost but 270 men in all.

MONTEVIDEO, Uruguay, via Galveston, Tex., Feb. 13.—The correspondent in Rio Janeiro sends word that the fighting at Nictheroy, where the rebels landed troops at Areia point February 9, was fierce. It could hardly be decided which force came out victorious. Many were killed and many others wounded on both sides and the government troops commanded by Gen. Argollo, made a valiant defense. Confirmation of the news of the landing of the rebels at Nictheroy reached here Sunday.

Although the large army long expected to reinforce the insurgent fleet has not appeared, Admiral de Gama has gained strength recently. Many men have joined the fleet, and abundant supplies have reached him from the near-by country. The insurgent fleet has ceased interfering with foreign merchantmen and a small amount of commerce is carried on.

BUENOS AYRES, Feb. 13.—Dispatches received here from an official source at Rio de Janeiro say that the government forces at Nictheroy have repulsed the insurgents and captured many prisoners, among whom are several naval officers. In Rio Grande do Sul the insurgents have captured Basso-Fundo, Alegrete, Monosay, Cruz Alta and Soliad.

FIREMEN BURNED TO DEATH.

Eight Men Killed in Paris and Seventeen Severely Injured.

PARIS, Feb. 13.—A fire occurred Sunday in the Rue de Reuilly. While the firemen and workmen were engaged in the basement of the burning building a carboy of sulphuret of carbon exploded. The flames completely enveloped the party. Eight firemen were killed and seventeen workmen severely burned.

The men were called out to a fire in a building on the Rue de Neully. The fire started in the basement, which contained much inflammable material, besides a large quantity of drugs, chemicals and oils. They had great difficulty in getting at the fire, which was slowly eating its way among the casks and packages.

The firemen broke into the basement and with the workmen were hard at work removing goods in order to give them a better chance to fight the fire. They had succeeded in getting an opening and were playing on the fire with a line of hose when the carboy exploded.

The stuff ignited at once and filled the basement with flames and suffocating vapors. Pieces of broken casks flew in every direction and added to the horror. The eight men working with the hose line were completely enveloped by the flames and vapors and were all dead before assistance could reach them.

The workmen, many of whom were near the carboy, were horribly burned and disfigured. None is known to be fatally injured, but the attending physicians are apprehensive lest several inhaled the flames or received dangerous injuries from the vapors.

LYNCHED BY MASKED MEN.

A Colored Man Taken from His Captors at Jellico, Tenn., and Executed.

JELLICO, Tenn., Feb. 13.—Henry McCreeg, a negro, assaulted Mrs. Taylor Saturday morning near Buckeye and brutally beat her, leaving her more dead than alive. Hundreds of men searched the country all day long Saturday and Sunday morning renewed the search with success. The negro was captured at Oswego by the officers, who started with him on the train for Jacksboro jail. At Buckeye they were met by a mob and overpowered and the prisoner taken from them. The officers finally induced the mob to give McCreeg a trial before a justice of the peace. There were two justices in the crowd, and after going through the form of a trial the prisoner was held without bail. Before the mittimus could be written four masked men came out of Taylor's house, where the negro had been taken for identification by Mrs. Taylor, and seized the prisoner and rushed him up a ravine. The mob kept the officers back until the four masked men had disappeared with the negro. Several shots were soon heard and in a short time the crowd was permitted to explore the thicket into which McCreeg had been taken. They soon came upon his lifeless body hanging from a tree.

WILL COST $22,000,000.

International Railway Through South America a Feasible Scheme.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Feb. 13.—William F. Shunk, who conducted the great survey for the International railway through Mexico and the South American states, has completed his report and will place it in the hands of the international commission at Washington next week. The report will say that the scheme is entirely feasible, and that everything is favorable. The estimated cost for building roadbeds and bridges is $22,000,000 and it will require ten years to complete the road.

DOMESTIC CONCERNS.

—Ham Toast: Melt a small piece of butter in a stew pan until it is slightly browned; beat up one egg and add to it. Put in as much finely-minced ham as would cover a round of buttered toast, which may afterward be cut into any shape desired, and serve hot.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

—Covered Cranberry Pie: This is delicious. The crust is made as for apple pie. The filling is made of raw berries, allowing three-quarters of a pound of sugar to one pound of fruit and a little water. The berries should be put in liberally and brought out to the edge of the crust.—Good Housekeeping.

—Lemon Jelly: Grate the outsides of two lemons and squeeze the juice, add one cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, yolks of three eggs. Beat the eggs, butter and sugar together thoroughly, then add the juice and grated rind, and put it over the fire, stirring until thick. Mold in any shape you wish. It is very nice.—Womankind.

—Old-fashioned Hoarhound Candy: Good for coughs and hoarseness. Boil one ounce of dried hoarhound in a little over half a pint of water for half an hour. Strain, add nearly two pounds of brown sugar and boil until hard when tested. Pour into greased pans. A small porcelain-lined kettle is the best dish to use in cooking, although a bright tin basin will answer. The hands must be well-buttered before working any variety.—Housekeeper.

—Barbecued Rabbit: The rabbit should be plump and young. After cleaning and washing out well, lay in salt water for a half hour. It is best broiled; but if not, parboil slightly and fry. When brown and tender lay on a hot dish; pepper and salt and butter well. Heat three tablespoonfuls of vinegar seasoned with one of made mustard. Pour over the hot rabbit; garnish with parsley or with tiny bits of red-pepper pods.—Harper's Bazar.

—Savory Veal Pie: Cut veal small; stew till nearly done. Boil down gravy. Season veal, put layer in dish, then layer of minced boiled ham. Make force meat balls of minced veal or sausage and bread crumbs, seasoning to taste, mixing to paste with butter; add yolk of one egg, make in balls and dot ham with them. Cover meat with gravy made into brown sauce. Cover with (gashed) puff paste and bake. Use mushrooms or sweetbreads for ham if preferred.—N. Y. World.

GOPHER PESTS IN THE WEST.

Farmers' Ways of Killing The Destructive Little Creatures.

One of the pests to which farmers in many parts of the west are subjected is the common ground squirrel, so familiar in Gallatin county. When suffered to breed unmolested they increase at an alarming rate, and their destructive powers are something enormous. They are found in greatest numbers in the vicinity of grain fields, and the number of tons of wheat and barley consumed by these animals is something amazing. A single colony of squirrels will frequently strip several acres of its crop, and it is no infrequent sight to see a strip twenty-five or fifty feet wide along the entire extent of a large grain field cut down as cleanly as though by a machine, while the well-beaten trail leading to the great mounds of squirrel burrows shows the agency by which the destruction was accomplished.

There are many methods of killing the squirrels, a favorite one where irrigation is practiced being to divert a stream of water into a burrow and let it run until the occupants are all drowned out. Sometimes, however, this is impracticable, for it not infrequently happens that a good-sized stream will be run for hours into a burrow without any indication that it is filled up, and without driving a single squirrel to the surface. When a colony is drowned out, however, the number of those that reach the surface and endeavor to escape is something surprising. Several hundred not infrequently inhabit the same burrow.

The most effective means of destroying these pests is by the use of carbon bisulphide. One of the officials of the Colorado agricultural college, who has been investigating the matter, gives the following instructions for handling this remedy, which he recommends as very effectual and not at all dangerous to the person applying it when handled with proper caution. The method is to take a tightly-rolled ball of cotton the size of a hen's egg or smaller, and thoroughly saturate it with the carbon bisulphide. With a rolling motion throw the cotton into the burrow and close the opening with earth, packing it down hard. The operation is simple and the result certain. The carbon bisulphide evaporates quickly and the vapor, being heavier than air, soon fills the burrow and smothers or overcomes the squirrels. The application should be made in the evening at sundown, as the squirrels are in their burrows at this time and can be reached by this method. All the burrows in a neighborhood should be treated at the same time, as those close together often connect and where but few are treated the squirrels can escape to those left open. When a thorough job is made and every burrow stopped up colonies will be almost completely exterminated by a single application.—Helena (Mont.) Independent.

A "Crown" Piece of Roast Lamb.

The next time you are planning a small dinner, ask your butcher to cut your fore quarter of lamb into a "crown" piece. If he knows how, he will do it so skillfully that after it has been roasted it will reach the table as round as a crown, with the clean chop ends sticking up and out in an artistically-curving fashion, the whole simulating, as much as meat can simulate, the regal headpiece. Turn a can of French peas into the center of the crown, and these, falling through between the ribs, may suggest emeralds, or if they don't, they'll prove a suitable garnish and excellent eating.—Philadelphia Press.

S. S. S.

S.S.S.

Cures the Serpent's Sting.

Heals Running Sores.

Contagious Blood Poison

In all its stages completely eradicated by S.S.S. Obstinate sores and ulcers yield to its healing powers. It removes the poison and builds up the system.

A valuable Treatise on "The Disease and Its Treatment," mailed Free.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

SHOULD BE CLEAN AND COZY.

Both Qualities Are Desirable and Possible in Sleeping Apartments.

It is all very well for hygienic beings to talk about the beauty of bed-rooms with bare floors, no draperies, cane chairs, and iron bedsteads. It is delightful to hear their enthusiastic utterance on the absence of microbes and the destruction of germs. But the woman whose bed-room is also her sitting-room and dressing-room finds it impossible to share their delight. She isn't fond of bacteria, of course, but neither does she care to pass her waking hours in a barn-like place. For her—and her name is legion—a compromise must be arranged.

The floor may be stained or painted and then covered with a rug. This rug can be taken up once a fortnight or so and shaken in the open air. Not many microbes will lurk in it under these circumstances, and at the same time the woman who lives in the room will have imparted the air of coziness, which is second only to cleanliness in most estimations. The brass or iron bedstead is the one which she will prefer from both hygienic and artistic points of view.

She should have a couch, but it need not be the upholstered affair dreaded by advocates of cleanliness. It may be of willow, which is warranted not to harbor germs, and it should be covered with cushions. These may be taken out and aired as often as their owner wishes.

One easy chair is a necessity also. But if the upholstery bugbear again confronts her let her convert a steamer chair into a thing of luxury by throwing over it a lamb's wool rug and putting a couple of cushions against its back.

A little desk with a shelf for books and another for bric-a-brac, some swinging book-shelves, a screen to put before the never beautiful washstand, a straight-backed chair before the desk, and a dressing-table will complete the furnishings of the room.—Chicago Times.

Early Corn Over One Foot Long. [E]

Salzer illustrates in a colored plate a new early corn, a giant of its kind and offers $300 in gold for the largest ear in 1894. In addition to this early Giant corn, which yielded in 1893 110 bushels per acre, he has over twenty other prolific field corns. He has the best fodder corn in the world. He is the largest grower of farm seeds, oats, barley, wheat, millet, potatoes, etc., in America. Fifty kinds of grasses and clovers.

IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT with 13c to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will receive a large package of above Giant corn and his mammoth catalogue. [K]

JILLSON says that in this era of hotels and boarding houses a wedding ring isn't as much of a home circle as it used to be.—Buffalo Courier.

THE huntsman who brings home the antlers proves that he has been able to get a head of the game.—Elmira Gazette.

An Important Difference.

To make it apparent to thousands, who think themselves ill, that they are not affected with any disease, but that the system simply needs cleansing, is to bring comfort home to their hearts, as a costive condition is easily cured by using Syrup of Figs. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

THE pump man is one who seldom wearies in well doing. Buffalo Courier.

CLAIRETTE—"What are you going to give me, papa, when I get married?" Harpagon—"My consent, Clairette."—La Laquette.

HE (sentimentally)—"Money isn't everything." She (practically)—"No; but it gets everything."—N. Y. Press.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

THE borrower is a good deal like pie crust—he is very "short" and very sweet.—Truth.

Ugly Tempers

Are a product of bad digestion. Your dyspeptic is almost invariably a cross-patch. The way to renew cheerfulness of disposition and an equable temper soured by indigestion, is to take a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which not only banishes dyspepsia, but also relieves biliousness, constipation, chills and fever, rheumatism and kidney trouble. Use it with persistence three times a day.

IF industry is no more than a habit, it is at least an excellent one.

PLEASANT, Wholesome, Speedy, for coughs is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

A CYNIC is sugar turned to vinegar.—Young Men's Era.

THE irritation which induces coughing immediately relieved by use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Sold only in boxes.

BETTER not be at all than not be noble.—Tennyson.

THROW IT AWAY.

There's no longer any need of wearing clumsy, chafing Truses, which give only partial relief at best, never cure, but often inflict great injury, inducing inflammation, strangulation and death.

HERNIA (Breach), or Rupture, no matter of how long standing, or of what size, is promptly and permanently cured without the knife and without pain. Another

Triumph in Conservative Surgery

is the cure of

TUMORS, Ovarian, Fibroid and other varieties, without the perils of cutting operations.

PILE TUMORS, however large, Fistula, and other diseases of the lower bowel, promptly cured without pain or resort to the knife.

STONE in the Bladder, no matter how large, is crushed, pulverized, and washed out, thus avoiding cutting.

STRICTURE of urinary passage is also removed without cutting. Abundant References, and Pamphlets, on above diseases, sent sealed, in plain envelope, 10 cts. (stamps). WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

WIS. 80 ACRES Fine Farming Land —IN— Phillips Co., Wisconsin, WILL BE SOLD at a BARGAIN. ADDRESS L. E. SELLECK NEWSPAPER CO., 202 Dearborn St., Chicago.

LAND For Sale.

MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL. 38,000 DAILY CIRCULATION. A sheet double that of any other daily in the Northwest, because it is the best daily published. Most complete markets and news of the world. Only 10 cents a week. Sample copies sent free to any address.

ST. JACOBS OIL Is the MASTER CURE for . . PAINS AND ACHES.

PERSONAL to Sufferers from Blood Diseases, whose cases have been pronounced incurable by the Doctors.

The Blood is the source of Life. No one can have good, comfortable health with impure blood in their veins. The cause of bad blood is largely due to the unhealthy action of the glands of the body. Dr. Ward's Gen-De-Can-Dra for the Blood excites the secretions of the whole glandular system, thereby restoring the blood to normal condition, and bringing the patient health and happiness.

The manufacturers of Dr. Ward's Gen-De-Can-Dra for the Blood feel so confident it will help you, that they will allow you the first dollar bottle FREE FOR A TRIAL, but to ensure good faith, they only ask that you send thirty cents in postage stamps, to prepay the expressage. This offer is limited to thirty days from date. ☞ Cut this out and send your name and address, with thirty cents, to THE J. R. WATKINS MEDICAL COMPANY, Winona, Minn., and they will send you (without charge) a dollar bottle of Dr. Ward's Gen-De-Can-Dra for the Blood, by express.

IF you want the real DE LONG PATENT HOOKS AND EYES, say to the dealer: See that hump

Trade-Mark Reg. Apr. 19-92. Richardson & De Long Bros., Philadelphia.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25c.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

The Lewis Hardware Company's

FOR STOVES.

T. A. CHAPMAN CO.

Spring Season

Opening.

We open the Spring Season with an immense stock of New Spring **Wash Fabrics,** many new weaves never before shown in the northwest, including Silk Weft Ginghams, Crepon Zephyrs, Swivel Silk Ginghams, Japonettes, Scotch and French Ginghams, Printed Dimities, Batistes, French Organdies, Chambroys, Linen Lawn, Etc. The above are our own importations. We also carry a full line of Domestic Wash Goods in all the new weaves.

SAMPLES SENT WHEN DESIRED.

T. A. CHAPMAN CO.,
Milwaukee, - Wisconsin.

PALACE DRUG STORE,

A. H. MARKS & CO,

January 4, 1894.

Every piece of Crockery in the store–and there's lots of it--will be closed out below cost. DON'T mist the chance.

The Price Tells. The Quality Sells.

J. B. SCHELL,

Merchant Tailor!

Brown Street, Rhinelander.

A Full Line of Foreign and Domestic Cloths always on hand. If you want a first-class perfect-fitting suit call on me.

JOHN E. JACKSON

PLUMBER.

I am now prepared to do all kinds of plumbing—Steam Heating, Hot Water Heating, Sanitary Plumbing, Hydraulic Beer Pumps.

All Work Warranted.

Estimates Cheerfully Furnished on Plumbing in all its Branches
Agents for Richmond Victor Steam and Hot Water Heaters.
Office on Stevens Street opposite Fuller House.

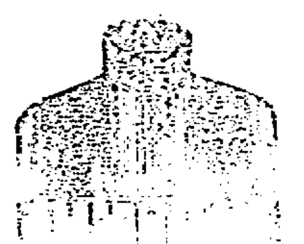
Spafford & Cole.

Our Cut prices on winter goods has resulted in driving a large portion of it from the store, such as Cloaks, Overcoats, Caps and Felt Shoes. They are not quite all closed out, you can have them yet at 50 per cent. off.

Large reduction on Carpets still offered. We are now opening up a lot of early spring goods, such as Hamburgs, Nainsooks and Swiss Embroideries, White Goods in Mulls, P. Ks., Nainsooks, Jackanetts, India Linens, Victoria Lawns, Etc.

Spring Dress Goods in Tela Vela, Toile du Nord, Spanish Cords and Ginghams.

A new and nice line of Muslin Underwear has just come in.



Our shoe department is the largest in Rhinelander and comprises some of the best makes in this country—C. P. Ford's, McClure's, Eggart & Co.'s and John Kelly's are among the best styles and best wearing goods.

And they all use Pillsbury's Best Flour, 50 cents lower than ever before. Creamery and Fancy Dairy Butter away down at eating prices. Everyting in proportion.

Spafford & Cole.

SUFFERING OFF THE MAINE COAST.

Hundreds of Fishermen on Outlying Islands on the Verge of Starvation.

Hundreds of fishermen are on the verge of starvation and suffering for the want of proper clothing within 50 miles of Portland. There are hundreds of islands in Casco bay and scattered along the coast between Portland and the Kennebec river. These are for the most part inhabited by fishermen who depend entirely upon their nets and seines for food. During the past few weeks these people have not been able to set any nets on account of the frequent and severe storms which have swept the coast. The fishermen live out of the line of coasters and are visited only at infrequent intervals by fishing smacks and summer visitors.

Malaga island, where most of the suffering is found, is situated about a mile and a half from the mainland and is perhaps three miles in circumference. Upon this island are three huts built of logs and mud, and these huts are crowded with 35 to 40 people. They were visited by the crew of a fishing smack which was obliged to seek shelter from the storm behind the island. The story as told by one of the crew here shows that unless help arrives to these people soon they will starve to death. When the smack was seen nearing the islands, the half starved people rushed down to the beach and set up a howl of joy. They were barefooted for the most part and poorly clothed at the best. Some of the women were almost nude, and several children have died from exposure and want of proper food. The huts are said to be in a filthy condition and afford but scant shelter from the bitter cold.

The smack had but little food on board, having made a poor haul of fish. The crew gave the islanders such food as they could spare and almost robbed themselves of clothing to assist the ill clothed beings. The men on the island say that they were not able to obtain enough fish this fall to provide themselves with supplies for the winter, and when the storms prevented their setting their nets they were left without food.

The coast at this point is thinly settled with fishermen, who are reported to be in almost as bad a condition as the islanders. Yarmouth, Bear and Basket islanders are said to be as badly off as the Malaga islanders.—Portland Cor. Boston Herald.

FELT HER BROTHER'S DEATH.

A Curious Circumstance Which Indicated Mental Telepathy.

A curious circumstance that may be looked upon as a confirmation of the doctrine of mental telepathy took place here recently in a family of importance in the history of the state. This family numbers among its members a lady and her twin brother, a young man who for the past few years has been in business in New Zealand, but who has been expected home on a visit to his sister.

One evening lately the lady was sitting surrounded by friends when all at once she gave a piercing cry, and placing her hand to her side fell fainting to the floor. On reviving she declared that she had been suddenly stabbed just above the heart and under the left arm, indicating the spots. She was assured that she was laboring under the purest imagination, but was hard to convince that this was the case, so plainly had she felt the knife enter the body.

That night a little daughter was born to her, and the child was found to be marked on the places indicated by the mother as the wounds she had imagined. The marks on the child looked as if they might be the cicatrix of old knife wounds. The next day a cablegram was received from friends of the twin brother in New Zealand, informing his sister that he had been stabbed to death by a native in a quarrel, and the date given of the young man's death was that of the night when his sister had felt the pang of a knife entering her own body.

She prevailed on her husband to inquire by cable where her brother's murderer had struck him, and to complete the coincidence learned that he had been stabbed twice, once above the heart and again under the left arm. She is convinced that through her affinity with her brother she felt his death even as he received it.—New Orleans Letter.

Peg Tankards.

The pegging or marking of drinking cups was introduced by St. Dunstan to check the intemperate habits of the times by preventing one man from taking a larger draft than his companions. But the device proved the means of increasing the evil it was intended to remedy, for, refining upon St. Dunstan's plan, the most abstemious were required to drink precisely to a peg or pin, whether they could soberly take such a quantity of liquor or not. To the use of such cups may be traced the origin of many of our popular phrases. When a person is much elated, we will say, "He is in a merry pin," and "He is a peg too low," when he is not in good spirits. On the same principle we talk of "taking a man down a peg" when we would check forwardness.—Sala's Journal.

An Active Mind.

Fond Mother—My boy has a very active mind, don't you think?

Teacher—Assuredly. I wish you could hear the dear little fellow talk when he gets caught at something and tries to make me believe that he didn't do it.—Good News.

His Gentle Wit.

She shook her head sadly when he had asked a fateful question.

"I wish you were all the world," he sighed.

"You said I was that to you once," she ventured coquettishly.

"Yes, but I don't think so now."

"No?"

"No, for all the world loves a lover," and his gentle wit won her over to a reconsideration of the question.—Detroit Free Press.

A sentence from a review of a novel printed in The Queen, an English publication, is suggestive. It ran, "The tale is a nicely told one, and no girl who has the responsibility of making out suitable library lists for her mother's reading need feel any hesitation about including it among the novels."

One hundred domestic servants are killed annually in England in the process of window cleaning. An invention recently patented is a window of which the outside may be cleaned without exposing the cleaner to any chance of a tumble.

The grip bacillus, which has been cultivated and photographed time and again, has the appearance of being a fine thread strung with numerous minute beads.

In Paris the theater will check the bicycles as it will a coat, and the barroom has pumps and repair outfits, as our own has lunch counters and stock tickers.

A loaf made from two pounds of flour will weigh 2 pounds 8½ ounces when taken from the oven.

ATTORNEYS.

ALBAN & BARNES,
Attorneys at Law.
Collections promptly attended to. Office over Spafford & Cole's

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Collections sharply looked after. Office over First National Bank

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T. B. McINDOE,
Physician & Surgeon,
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Office Corner Brown and Davenport Streets

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Office in Brown's Block, Rhinelander, Wis

F. L. HINMAN,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office in Anderle & Hinman's Drug Store. Night calls from residence, N. W. Corner Court House Square. Rhinelander, Wisconsin

FINANCIAL

MERCHANTS STATE BANK,
Capital $50,000. Surplus, $15,000.
Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Brown Street. Rhinelander, Wis

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
of Rhinelander.
Capital and Surplus $80,000.
Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Bank Corner Davenport and Stevens Streets

H. LEWIS,

Wine, Liquor and Cigar MERCHANT.

Stoltzman Block, Rhinelander, Wis.

My goods are the very best, and can supply customers at Chicago and Louisville wholesale prices.

Fine California Wines a Specialty.

Give me a call and sample goods and prices

GOLDEN EAGLE BARBER SHOP!

Fuller House Block.

J. H. LEWIS, Proprietor.

All work in the tonsorial line done satisfactory.

Ladies' Hair Dressing a Specialty.

JOHN ROSS,

Practical Horseshoer and General Blacksmith.

Shoeing of diseased feet and horses that interfere a specialty. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Shop opposite Arlington Hotel Barn,
Rhinelander, - Wis.

Wm. SHUMANN,

—Proprietor of—

Union Market.

Fresh, Salt and Smoked Meats at Reasonable Prices. Manufacturers of

SHUMANN'S

FAMOUS · SAUSAGES.

The Best in the City. Try It.

Mason St., Rhinelander.

E. BOYER,

- - Dealer In - -

Groceries, Provisi'ns Flour, Feed, Etc., Etc.

All my stock is new and fresh. My prices are low for cash, and it will pay anyone in the city to try our goods and prices

Delivery made to any part of city.

North Side, RHINELANDER.

SLIMMER'S

NEW Clothing . . . . . . House.

IS FILLED TO OVERFLOWING

With Gent's Furnishing Goods.

Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes.

D. CONOVER. L. F. PORTER. H. P. PADLEY

Conover, Porter & Padley,

ARCHITECTS.

Pioneer block, Madison, Wis. Knight block, Ashland, Wis.

J. Weisen's

Provision Depot!

Is always stocked with seasonable goods. The finest butter, eggs and everything usually found in a provision store. Potatoes at wholesale or retail. Give us a call. Brown street.

Don't Forget the Place.

CLARK & LENNON,--Builders' and Lumbermens' Hardware.

J. Segerstrom,

. . Dealer in

Watches,
Jewelry,
Diamonds, Silverware,
Clocks, Etc.

Fine Watch Repairing a Specialty.

E. G. SQUIER

—DEALER IN—

Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Jewelery, Etc.

Repairing and Engraving Neatly Done.

Carry a full stock of the best make of watches in the best gold and silver cases at very low prices.

Store in Fauts' Block. - Rhinelander, Wisconsin

Harness!

J. H. Schroeder,

BROWN STREET,

Rhinelander, - Wis.

Light and Heavy Harness,

And all Goods in my Line. Repairing done promptly and in a satisfactory manner. Orders from Lumbermen given special attention.

THE CITY MARKET,

—Wholesale and Retail—

MEATS AND PROVISIONS.

Brown Street. Rhinelander, Wis.

HUNER & FENNING, Prop's.

A. C. DANIELSON & CO.,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

We are prepared to make First-class Fitting, Fashionable Suits. We carry the Latest Style of Goods, and the Lowest Prices in the Town. Shop opposite the Giant Sleigh Manufacturing Co.'s plant, Rhinelander, Wis.

THE OLD AND RELIABLE FIRM,

CRANE, FENELON & CO.,

—Always Have on Hand a Full Line of—

DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES.

Call and get prices before buying elsewhere.

ED. ROGERS,

Horseshoer!

Will attend to all work entrusted to me in a satisfactory manner.

I ALSO SHOE CATTLE.

Shop next to Giant Sleigh Works.

F. A. HILDEBRAND,

DEALER IN **FURNITURE.**

My Stock is Complete and my Prices Reasonable. Your Patronage is solicited.

An expert embalmer and funeral director in readiness at all times. Call before purchasing.

RHINELANDER, - WIS.

Washburn, Crosby & Co.'s Gled Medal Flour

FOR SALE BY

HARRIGAN Bros. & Co.

FEED, HAY, OATS and MILL STUFF

At Retail or in Car Lots for Cash.

W. D. HARRIGAN

—DEALER IN—

Brick, Line, Hair, Sand, Adamant, Fire Clay and Brick

Cements of all kinds, Hard and Soft Coal, Wood etc. Orders by mail promptly attended. Office in Harrigan's Block.

Cash Smith spent the Sabbath with his family at Antigo.

Mrs. Paul Browne was visiting friends in Milwaukee over Sunday.

Choice roll dairy butter, fresh eggs cream puffs and Boston brown bread at Kneble's bakery.

Langdon sells the cheapest, delivers the promptest and gives the best satisfaction of any grocer in the city.

Nic Sherlinski is selling a White Liniment which he puts up himself and which he guarantees will take the kinks out of any pain that was ever invented.

The only way to buy a fur coat and buy it right is to look around before you purchase, and don't make the fatal mistake of not going to Beers.

Early Risers, Early Risers, Early Risers, the famous little pills for constipation, sick head ache, dyspepsia and nervousness. Sold by J. J. Rearlon & Co.

All winter cloaks and jackets will be sold at a reduction of 50 per cent. This is below actual cost and is a chance of a life time for Rhinelander buyers. IRVIN GRAY.

It not only relieves; it does more, it cures. We refer to One Minute Cough Cure. Suitable for all ages, all conditions, at all times. Sold by J. J. Rearlon & Co.

Jim Harrigan was at Lac du Flambeau and Arbdvitae last week, writing insurance. Mr. Harrigan has worked up an excellent business in all the lines of fire, accident and life insurance.

Not one minute elapses between the taking of One Minute Cough Cure and relief. Why shouldn't people take One Minute Cough Cure? The should. They do. Sold by J. J Rearlon & Co.

August Colburn, of Shawano, and Miss Rose McArthur, of Richmond, Wis., arrived in the city Saturday and were married by Rev. D. C. Savage in the evening. Rhinelander is getting to be the Gretna Green of Northern Wisconsin.

Don't bother with going to the market to order your meats, send a note or telephone the City Market and your orders are attended promptly and with as much care as if you yourself were at the market.

Huner & Fenning at the City Market, are making a specialty of satisfying their patrons. They handle first-class meats and are prompt in getting out their orders. Try them.

Leonard Horr and family departed Monday for Ukiah, California. Riley still stays with Crane, Fenelon & Co. It is likely that Mr. and Mrs. Prideaux will go to that country during the coming summer.

Wanted—Selling Agent [illegible] Rhinelander and vicinity. Liberal commission paid, and we furnish the best and most complete outfit ever provided by any house. Write at once for terms. Send 2 or 3 references.

Wanamaker & Brown.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Benjamin Kennedy, who resided at Maple Grove, this county, died Thursday last. The funeral services were held at his late home Saturday, Rev. D. C. Savage officiating. Mr. Kennedy was far along in years, and for some months past has been on the verge of the great beyond. He leaves a wife, a son and a daughter.

Home and Country for February is rich in illustrations and variety, the magazine being highly entertaining as well as instructive. St. Valentine's Day is properly remembered in this number in "Abdon and Abbad, An Egyptian Valentine on Papyrus," which is timely. The grotesque caricatures of 5,000 years ago, which illustrate the article, will be appreciated by young and old people, and especially by lovers.

The opening article, "Chicago as seen by a Frenchwoman," is by Countess Cecile Stubok-Fermore. It tells the story of Chicago as viewed by a foreigner with a titled name, while "Two Famous Paintings. The True Story of a Rembrandt and a Douw. From a Dutch Manuscript;" "Only a Change of Form. Story of a Transmigrated Soul;" "The Preacher of Shingle Creek. A Gold-Miner's Story;" "How the Mice Made Love for Jean Mareed;" "Slang and Americanisms;" "Thespia" "Weather-Vanes;" "The Coal Industry in Pennsylvania;" "An Interview with St. Peter. Bessy Brass's (a New York Reporter) Trip to Heaven;" "Dragoons. The Development of Light Cavalry;" "St. Edrida. A Legend," and a chapter on "A Violin-Maker and a Fiddle Factory," are among the light literature and scientific subjects discussed.

Wanted—Saw Logs.

The Stevens Lumber Company want to buy two million feet of logs. tf

Dry Wood.

Shingle Wood, $1.50 per load.
Slabs, $1.50 per load.

Delivered to all parts of the city by A. Kincaid. Leave orders at Danielson & Henrich's feed store, opposite [illegible]

Notice of Drawing Jurors

Notice is hereby given that on the 20th. day of February A. D. 1894 at two (2) o'clock in the afternoon of said day at my office in the Court House, in the Village of Rhinelander, Oneida County, Wisconsin. I shall, pursuant to law, proceed to draw the names of thirty six (36) persons to serve as Petit Jurors at the next general term of the Circuit Court for said Oneida County, commencing on the first Monday in March, 1894, being the 5th. day of the month.

Dated February 3rd, 1894.

E. C. STURDEVANT,
Clerk of Circuit Court
In and for said county.

Notice of Special Election.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to the following resolution which was duly adopted by the town board of Pelican on the 24 day of February, 1894, a special election will be held at the hose house on Rives street in the Village of Rhinelander in said town on the 16th day of March, 1894, to vote upon the question of the incorporation of said Village of Rhinelander as a city. The polls of said election will be opened between 9 and 10 o'clock in the forenoon and closed at 5 o'clock in the afternoon of said day. Said resolution is as follows, to-wit:

Whereas a due petition therefor signed by more than one hundred electors and taxpayers of the unincorporated Village of Rhinelander in the Town of Pelican, has been filed with the town clerk of Pelican, praying to have the question of the incorporation of said village as a city submitted to a vote of the electors of said village, said village containing a population of over two thousand according to the last national census, and the territory comprised therein and which is described in said petition being as follows: The north-east quarter of the north-east quarter of section one (1) in township thirty-six (36) north of range eight (8) east. Lot nine (9) of section thirty-six (36) of township number thirty-seven (37) north of range eight (8) east. The west half of section five (5) of township number thirty-six (36) north of range nine (9) east. All of section six (6) in township number thirty-six (36) north of range nine (9) east. Lots one (1) and two (2) of section seven (7) township number thirty-six (36) north of range nine (9) east. Lot eight (8) of section eight (8) of township number thirty-six (36) north of range nine (9) east. [illegible] section five (5) [illegible] section number thirty-one (31) township number thirty-seven (37) north of range nine (9) [illegible] number thirty-seven (37) north of range nine (9) east.

Now therefore, Resolved that the question of incorporating the above described territory as the CITY OF RHINELANDER shall be submitted to a vote of the electors of said territory on the 16th day of March, 1894.

Said city, if incorporated, until changed according to law, shall be divided into six (6) wards, as follows:

1.—All that part of said city lying north and east of a line drawn through the center of Pearl street and extended in a straight line to the limits of said city shall constitute the First Ward.

2.—All that part of said city not included in the First Ward lying both north of a line drawn through the center of Edgar street extended to the limits of said city and east of the Wisconsin river except mill lots C and D of the Original plat of the village of Rhinelander shall constitute the Second Ward.

3.—All that part of said city not included in the First and Second wards lying both east of Thayer street and north of a line running along the center of Davenport street to Oneida Avenue, thence south to the intersection of Oneida Avenue and Clark street, thence east along the center of Clark street and extended in a straight line to the city limits on the east, excepting Blocks 4 and 9 of the Original Plat of the Village of Rhinelander shall constitute the Fourth Ward.

4.—All that part of said city lying both south of the Fourth Ward and north-east of the center of the right of way of the Chicago and North-western R'y shall constitute the Fifth Ward.

5.—All that part of said city lying south of the Fourth and Fifth wards and east of the Wisconsin river shall constitute the Sixth Ward.

6.—All that part of said city not included in the First, Second, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth wards shall constitute the Third Ward.

The polls of said election for all electors in said territory shall be held at the hose house on Rives street in said Village of Rhinelander.

Dated Feb. 1, 1894.

W. W. CANE,
Town Clerk.

NOTICE!

THIS COLUMN

IS FOR YOUR BENEFIT. . . .

Do not Slight its Reading, for it costs us good money to tell you of the thousand and one Bargains that we have for sale during the year.

New Spring Goods

New Line of Muslin Underwear.
New Line of White Goods.
New Line of Torchon Laces.
New Line of Black Laces.
New Line of Deutella Laces.
New Line of Ramadau Cambrics.
New Line of Flemish Lawns.
New Line of Figured India Linen.
New Line of Dimity Cords.
New Line of Grecian Lawns.
New Line of Apronettes.
New Line of Pongee Drapery.
New Line of Check Ginghams.
New Line of Dress Trimming.
New Line of Carpets.
New Line of Cottons.

We cordially invite you to call and examine the goods and for prices and quality you will admit that they are marvels of beauty for the money.

CHAS. E. CRUSOE & CO.

Rhinelander, Wis.

THE ONEIDA CLOTHING [illegible]

we will give

A Discount of 25 Per Cent.
On Winter Suits
And Overcoats.
Remember, Its For Two Weeks Only.

LOUIS ZOLINSKY, Prop.

New Meat Market!

Having purchased the business and fixtures of the firm of Hunt Bros. I am in the business of selling all kind

Meats and Provisions,

Fish, Poultry, Etc.

I ask a share of the public patronage and guarantee my best efforts to give you good honest weight of the best meats I can buy at market figures. Should be pleased to see you at the shop. Corner Davenport and Stevens streets.

Very truly,
E. C. VESSEY.

CHICAGO and NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

Through Sleeping and Parlor Car Line

—WITH—

FAST TRAINS

BETWEEN

CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE, APPLETON, WAUSAU and ASHLAND.

The Gogebic, Penokee and Montreal Iron and Mineral Ranges

Hurley, Ironwood, Bessemer, Wakefield

And the Manufacturing Centers and Lumbering Districts of Central and Northern Wisconsin.

Sheboygan, Manitowoc, Kaukauna, Appleton, Wausau, Antigo, Eagle River and Rhinelander.

Direct Line

Via ASHLAND and N. P. R. R. for

SUPERIOR, WEST SUPERIOR, DULUTH

Pacific Coast and Intermediate Points.

For Tickets, Maps, Time Tables and full information apply to Ticket Agent C. & N. W. Ry., Rhinelander, Wis., or address the Gen'l Passenger and Ticket Agent at Chicago.

Milwaukee City Office, - 102 Wisconsin St
Chicago City Office, 208 Clark St.

W. H. NEWMAN, Third Vice President. J. M. WHITMAN, Gen'l Manager.

W. A. THRALL, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

CHICAGO, - ILL.

READ

"Out of the Jaws of Death."

Previous Chapters at this Office.

NEW NORTH.

RHINELANDER PRINTING COMPANY.

RHINELANDER, - WISCONSIN.

The News Condensed.

Important Intelligence From All Parts.

CONGRESSIONAL.

Regular Session.

THE house bill to repeal the federal election laws occupied the time of the senate on the 5th ....In the house Mr. Warner (dem. N. Y.) introduced a bill for an elastic currency. The Hawaiian resolution was discussed at length. An investigation of Judge Jenkins' action in enjoining Northern Pacific employes from striking was asked for. A report from Secretary Lamont showed that about 8,771,897 men were available for military duty in the United States.

ON the 6th a bill was introduced in the senate to repeal all laws which have been enacted relating to the coinage or use of silver since January 1, 1874, and to reenact all laws relating to silver in force previous to that date. The house bill to repeal the federal election law was further discussed.....In the house the Hawaiian debate was concluded, but the McCreary resolution indorsing the acts of the administration was not passed because of the failure of the democrats to secure a quorum when a vote was taken upon it.

THE bill that passed the house to repeal the federal election laws was passed in the senate on the 7th by a vote of 39 to 26.... In the house the McCreary resolution condemning Minister Stevens and sustaining the Hawaiian policy of Mr. Cleveland was adopted by a vote of 175 to 52.

SENATOR PERKINS presented memorials in the senate on the 8th of the San Francisco chamber of commerce praying for the annexation of Hawaii. Senator Wolcott (Col.) presented a resolution providing for the submission of a constitutional amendment prohibiting the states from denying suffrage to any person on account of sex. A memorial of the wool growers against the Wilson bill was presented by Senator Sherman.... In the house the deadlock on Mr. Bland's silver seigniorage bill was broken after hours of continuous filibustering, when, by a vote of 116 to 4, Mr. Bland's motion to go into committee of the whole for consideration of his bill was carried.

IN the senate no business was transacted on the 10th.....The entire day in the house was consumed in the debate on the Bland silver seigniorage bill.

DOMESTIC.

JOHN GARRETT celebrated his 101st birthday at Martin, Ky., by drinking a quart of whisky and was in a dying condition.

GOLD was discovered near Ottumwa, Ia., and experts pronounced it of fine quality.

MRS. MARY HUFFMAN, a well-known woman at Sabina, O., retired in the evening apparently as well as usual, and the next morning was found dead in bed, as she had predicted several days before.

THE paper currency outstanding in the country January 31 was $1,167,040,231, less $1,000,000 estimated to have been destroyed by fire.

W. A. RYAN, the postmaster at Van Horn, Ia., committed suicide rather than submit his accounts to a post office inspector for examination.

THE carnival season at New Orleans was opened in a blaze of glory with the brilliant pageant of the crew of Protens.

THE gold excitement in the Wichita mountains near El Reno, O. T., culminated in the discovery that the alleged valuable mines had been "salted."

AFTER years of labor to solve the perpetual motion problem Charles Heins hanged himself in New York.

THE First national bank of Arkansas City, Kan., which was placed in the hands of a receiver June 15, 1893, has been permitted to reopen for business.

TWENTY-ONE pupils, seven of them girls, were suspended from the Mount Horeb (Wis.) academy for attending a masked ball.

ARTHUR H. HOWLAND, a Boston civil engineer supposed to have been drowned, has been heard from in New Jersey.

REPORTS from the Indiana-Kentucky peach section indicate that the crop has been practically ruined by the cold weather.

GEORGE GILLIS, a lawyer at Double Springs, Ala., fell headlong into a grave while acting as pallbearer and was killed.

TWO KILLED, two fatally and two seriously hurt in the family of Louis Kuehlers was the result of a natural gas explosion at Indianapolis.

WHILE attempting to save her 3-year-old sister a 6-year-old heroine at Guthrie, O. T., was fatally burned.

IN a quarrel at Pittsburgh, Pa., Charles Messner, 21 years old, fatally shot his stepmother and then killed himself.

MRS. CELIA LIVERS was convicted of bigamy at Franklin, Ky. She is 18 years old and has been married to four husbands within the last two years without having secured a divorce from either of the others.

ANDREW PIKKARINN, a Russian Finn, was hanged at Ewen, Wis., by indignant residents for an assault upon a child.

COLORED people who established a colony in Marlboro township, O., two years ago, have returned to Virginia.

THE National Farmers' Alliance met in annual session at Topeka, Kan.

AN earthquake shock lasting ten seconds was felt at Keeler, Cal., and Hawthorne, Nev.

SENATOR AVERY'S bill for a city farm school for incorrigible youths passed the Ohio house and is now a law.

THREE different attempts to burn the Agricultural building on the world's fair grounds were made by tramps, the damage being $20,000.

A DUEL was fought at Harlan Court House, Ky., in which William Nolan killed John and William Turner.

THE cotton compress at Dublin, Tex., was burned, the loss being $150,000.

SCOTCHLER & GIBBS, commission merchants in San Francisco, failed for $200,000.

JUDGE LOUDEBACK, of Valparaiso, Ind., was hit with an inkstand during a fight between two attorneys in his court.

MRS. ESTHER MYERS was killed and Miss Nora Gray fatally injured at a grade crossing in Grand Rapids, Mich.

IN seventeen days Collector McClure destroyed nine stills and captured fifteen moonshiners in Polk county, Ark.

C. H. SMITH, dealer in shoes in St. Louis, failed for $100,000.

MINNESOTA lumber firms are charged with stealing 100,000,000 feet of lumber from state forests and suit is to be brought.

AARON TOLLIFER and his wife were found murdered near Green Bay, Ala. Anthony Thomas, the woman's paramour, was arrested for the crime.

SHERIFF HAMILTON DICKSON was killed near Wharton, Tex., by Braddock, the murderer of Constable Townsend, and Braddock was at once shot dead by deputies.

WILL PEVRIS, a desperado and white cap leader, was executed at Columbia, Miss., for the murder of William S. Buckley.

QUON LOY, a Chinese merchant, has been admitted to full citizenship by Judge Anderson in the court of common pleas of Wyandotte county, Kan.

ONE gang of burglars robbed the office of the Standard Oil company in Lima, O., of $6,000, and the bank at Deshler of a like amount.

JUDGE J. W. PROCTOR, of Glenwood, Fla., was married to Miss Elizabeth Maddox, of Athens, Ga. They had courted by correspondence and had never seen each other.

IN a fight near Warm Springs, Va., between officers and moonshiners two of the former and two of the latter were killed.

THE president has signed the federal elections repeal bill and it is now a law.

AS WILLIAM PEVRIS was swung off the scaffold at Columbia, Miss., the rope broke, and the sheriff refused to hang him again.

PETER DEGNAFF was hanged at Winston, N. C., for murdering his sweetheart, Ellen Smith.

THE Kansas supreme court decided that Gov. Lewelling had no authority to remove Mrs. Mary E. Lease from the state board of charity.

FREDERICK MARVIN, cashier of the Third national bank at Detroit, Mich., has fled. He was said to be $100,000 short in his accounts.

AT San Francisco the schooner Bangor arrived fifteen days from Honolulu. The captain of the Bangor reports everything quiet at Honolulu.

PROFANE language is to be penalized by the National Baseball league.

NEW YORK anarchists placarded the houses of Depew, Vanderbilt, Astor and other rich men with warnings written in Latin.

GOLD is reported to have been found in rich deposit on a farm 2 miles from Portland, Ind.

FREQUENT post office robberies in Ohio and Indiana lead the government inspectors to think an organized gang is at work.

A CYCLONE swept over the northwestern portion of Mississippi and plantations were devastated, farmhouses were wrecked and the debris scattered over the country for miles around. Several persons were injured and one woman killed.

THE Indian school building at Pine Ridge agency was destroyed by fire.

MANY persons were hurt, much property destroyed and a negro child killed by a cyclone at Port Hudson, La.

STATISTICS issued from the census office show that the farmers are the most prosperous class in the whole country.

IN the New York legislature the bill submitting the proposition to annex Brooklyn and other Long Island towns to the city of New York was passed by the assembly.

THE publishers of Godey's Magazine made an assignment in New York. Godey's Magazine, which was formerly called Godey's Ladies' Book, is one of the oldest publications in the United States, being sixty-four years old.

ONLY $69 of the assets of the Exchange bank of Seville, O., could be found by the sheriff. It had $50,000 deposits.

THE exchanges at the leading clearing houses in the United States during the week ended on the 9th aggregated $883,216,556, against $768,522,347 the previous week. The decrease, compared with the corresponding week in 1893, was 22.0.

THE entire plant of the Ute Pass works at Colorado City, Col., was burned, the loss being $100,000.

THERE were 255 business failures in the United States in the seven days ended on the 9th, against 335 the week previous and 222 in the corresponding time in 1893.

JOHN W. LOVE, the president of Watkins, N. Y., and cashier of the First national bank, absconded with $50,000 of the funds of the bank.

EDWARD BENSON, aged 16, while playing at "hanging" was strangled to death at Jackson, Tenn.

J. CLAYTON, living in Cumberland county, Ky., was tortured by robbers until he revealed where $1,800 was hidden.

REV. JOHN DINGLEDEY was convicted of cruelty to inmates of an orphan's home at Richmond, Ind., and fined $600.

JACK PRINCE, bicyclist, beat a horse in a 10-mile race at Jacksonville, Fla.

JOHN HART, convicted of killing his two sisters at Rockford, Ill., was sentenced by Judge Shaw to be hanged on Friday, March 16.

A WINDSTORM which swept over Indiana did great damage, unroofing houses and blowing down fences and trees.

ROBERT MARLER was hanged at Pineville, Ky. He with two others had fired into a passing train, killing Mrs. Mary Bowling.

A MASKED man held up a passenger train near Carson, Nev., and in the express car secured a box of coin containing $2,000.

THE Sigua Iron company of Philadelphia failed for $1,000,000.

HENRY REEKER was said to have embezzled $15,000 from the Farmers' and Merchants' bank of Talmage, Neb., recently suspended.

JAMES ROSS, aged 35 years, attempted to kill his wife and mother-in-law at Pittsburgh, Pa., and then committed suicide. Domestic trouble was the cause.

HENRY BRUCE, Charley Plunkett and Rob Plunkett were lynched in the Gulch country in Arkansas for the murder of an aged couple.

THE house of Bert Croman, together with his two small children, was burned at Light Street, near Bloomsburg, Pa.

HENRY SNODERLY, aged 91, one of the wealthiest farmers of Union county, Tenn., and his wife, aged 70, were murdered in their bed by two burglars.

AT the annual meeting in Topeka, Kan., of the National Farmers' Alliance Marion Butler, of North Carolina, was elected president. Resolutions were adopted denouncing Secretary Morton as an enemy to the welfare of the American farmers, and therefore to the general welfare of the country.

THIEVES secured the combination of the safe in the poolroom of John Payne at Covington, Ky., and robbed it of $1,400 in cash.

PERSONAL AND POLITICAL.

A. H. BUCKNER died at his home in Mexico, Mo. He was representative from the Seventh Missouri district in the Forty-third, Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth congresses.

HARRY WATKINS, one of the oldest actors on the American stage, died at his home in New York.

THE funeral of George W. Childs took place in Philadelphia, and after impressive services the remains were placed in Woodland cemetery.

L. SCHOFIELD, the first man to make iron rails in the south, died near Chattanooga, Tenn., aged 80 years.

GEN. JACOB AMMEN, retired, United States army, died suddenly of heart disease at Lockland, O.

A. J. McLAURIN was formally elected United States senator from Mississippi by the legislature.

MRS. LUCY EVANS died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Smitson, near Independence, Mo., aged 110 years.

IN state convention at Birmingham, Ala., the Jeffersonian democrats, or the Kolbites, and the people's party nominated a full state ticket, with R. F. Kolb for governor, to oppose the regular democratic ticket.

MRS. MARY GALLOWAY (colored) celebrated her 110th birthday at Alton, Ill.

GEORGE W. HOUK, of Dayton, representing the Third Ohio district in congress, dropped dead while making a call in Washington. He was 60 years old.

MRS. MARY E. WILLIAMS celebrated her 100th birthday at Zanesville, O.

FOREIGN.

IN a collision between British and French troops in the Sofa country six of the latter were killed.

ADMIRAL DA GAMA gave forty-eight hours' notice of his intention to blockade the port of Rio de Janeiro.

PRESIDENT PEIXOTO has offered pardon to private soldiers or sailors of the insurgent forces in Brazil who apply for clemency within sixty days.

RETURNS from all parts of Ontario, giving the vote on the recent prohibition plebiscite, show a total majority in favor of prohibition of 81,729.

THE tugboat Estelle was wrecked near Vancouver, B. C., by an explosion and eight of the crew were killed.

NEAR Campiegne, France, a passenger train was wrecked by a freight and seven persons were killed and many injured.

MR. GLADSTONE told a correspondent that he would not resign and that he would fight the English lords to the bitter end.

R. M. BALLANTYNE, who gained a wide reputation as a writer of stories of adventure, died at Rome.

THE most famous ship of the naval service, the old corvette Kearsarge, was wrecked on Roncador reef, off the coast of Nicaragua.

ADVICES from St. Louis, Senegal, state that Col. Bonnier, eleven other officers and 250 French privates were massacred by the Tuaregoras.

LATER.

THERE is promise of great activity at Great Falls, Mont. The opening of the new coal mines at Belt will give employment to a large force of men, with an output of 100 cars a day, in addition to the 200 cars daily mined at Sand Coulee. The copper smelter has increased its force, and by a new electrical process is able to extract 200,000 ounces of silver monthly from its copper output. Indications are strong that work will begin soon on the wire and sheet copper mills at Great Falls.

THE worst blizzard for 25 years raged at Chicago the 12th. Street traffic was greatly impeded and walking was dangerous. Many persons were injured by being blown to the ground, against walls and posts. The velocity of the wind was 80 miles an hour.

THE courts at Oklahoma City found John Mulligan, colored, guilty of the murder of Gibb Clark and his wife and sentenced him to death.

A COLLISION occurred near Fremont, O., the morning of the 12th, in a blinding snow storm, between two freight trains. Engineer Connell, Engineer Stowell, Fireman McMullen and Brakeman Johnson were killed.

THE steamer City of Paris arrived at Colon the 12th with the crew of the wrecked cruiser Kearsage. One man was drowned. The old warship was abandoned on Roncador reef with the stars and stripes flying at her peak. The steamer will bring the crew to New York.

A YOUNG man exploded a bomb in the cafe of the Terminus hotel, Paris, the 12th. The place was full of people. The bomb landed upon a table, around which a party had been sitting. The party grouped about this table suffered the most. Fifteen were injured, mostly about the legs. The bomb thrower was captured. He claimed the bomb was thrown to avenge the death of Jaillent.

THE morning of the 12th the body of Mike Dolen was found in the ruins of his hut near Houston, Tex. Examination showed he had been murdered and his hut fired.

The U. S. courts the 12th declared the Arkansas law taxing Pullman, express and telegraph companies unconstitutional.

W. H. ARTMAN, a farmer living near Tell City, Ind., the 12th, killed his wife in the presence of his five children. The eldest, a boy of 12, who tried to defend his mother was killed. A pocketknife was used in both cases and both were horribly mangled.

WILD BILL'S IRON NERVE.

Riding Single-Handed Into a Hostile Camp and Capturing His Man.

By 9 o'clock in the morning fully three hundred Indians had gathered at the agency. Every one of them was armed with rifle or revolver, and many of them had both. There was no drinking and but little talking. Scar Faced Charlie had escaped from the guardhouse at the fort the night previous and sought their protection. They were ready to fight a whole regiment sooner than give him up. They expected the soldiers to come, and they had planned how the attack should be made. Scar Faced Charlie, armed with a Winchester, revolver and hunting knife, was the center of a group at the flourhouse. To reach him the soldiers would have to ride across the agency grounds between the lines of Indians. They would have to pass five sheds and houses behind which the Indians could find shelter. The excavation for a new storehouse would make a rifle pit for fifty redskins. At 9 o'clock the agent telegraphed over to the fort:

"Don't come. You couldn't take him with five hundred men."

At 10 o'clock a single white man came up the road with his mustang going at an easy canter. While he was yet a rifle shot away the Indians recognized him as Wild Bill, and there was an uneasy movement among them. Every man was watching him as he turned to the left and rode into the agency. He might have a dispatch for the agent, or he might want to make a purchase. When he did not draw rein at the store the uneasiness was more marked. The Indians gathered in groups and conversed in whispers. As the rider reached these groups he uttered a brief "howdy," but did not check his pace. At that same canter, and with his gaze fastened on the group at the flourhouse, the famous scout rode down the avenue and made no halt until he reached the group. He nodded to two or three Indians whom he knew and then said to Scar Faced Charlie:

"I have come after you. It is not far, and my horse will carry double."

There was the man who had sworn never to be taken alive. Around him were three hundred friends who had promised to wipe out any force sent to capture him. Instead of two hundred or three hundred soldiers, here was one lone man. Everyone looked at him in blank amazement. He knew why they had assembled, and yet he had dared take the risks. He had knife and revolver, but he did not dare put a hand to either.

"I will not go!" replied the half-breed, but there was indecision in his tones.

"I am sent for you. I shall take you dead or alive. Give up your arms and come along."

For thirty seconds every Indian seemed to hold his breath, and all stood as rigid as posts. One well-aimed bullet would have settled the scout, but not a gun was raised to fire it. Half a dozen of those stalwart men could rush him off the grounds, to return at his peril, but not a foot moved. A regiment would have been attacked long ago. A company would have been wiped out with a volley. A squad would have been hacked to pieces with tomahawks. But one man, and that man Wild Bill!

Scar-Faced Charley looked to the right and left and half raised his rifle. Then he handed it to the man on his right, followed it by the revolver, cast his knife to the ground with a curse, and stepped forward and mounted behind the scout. The latter had entered the agency with a smile on his face. It was there as he rode up to the flourhouse; there as he delivered his message; there as he rode away with his prisoner behind him. When they were out of sight behind the ridge the Indians broke up into small groups and returned to their camps. They had been awed and overcome by a single man, but they feared that man more than a regiment of soldiers.—Kansas City Times.

Army Tents as Ferry Boats.

Some curious experiments have recently been made with the new tents which the German soldiers carry with them. The end in view is to make the tents, or rather their cloth, serve to construct ferry boats for the soldiers' baggage. To swim a stream in full accoutrement is not without danger even for the best swimmers. In future, however, the soldiers will be relieved from this necessity by the folding tents, which they will carry with them. They will collect brushwood and small branches with which to weave light framework; the tent cloth will be unfolded, laid over the framework and fastened to it in such a manner that the water cannot pass through. The men will then strip and put all their baggage and accoutrements into the sail-cloth ferry boats, which will effectually preserve them from getting wet. The soldiers then swim across, pushing the ferryboats before them, so that they will reach the opposite shore with all their belongings dry. These experiments have been made on a large scale by the pioneers on their recently terminated autumn exercises, and have led to very favorable results, both as to the time required and the trouble occasioned by the transformation.—London Standard.

Effect of Unsound Teeth on Speed.

Many horses, it appears, have imperfect teeth, and their owners often fail to find what is the matter. The famous pony trotter, David L, with a record of 2:19¼, fell behind for a whole season. An examination of his mouth showed that two of his teeth were cutting him. He was operated upon, and he at once trotted again with his former speed. Rosalind Wilkes, with a record of 2:14¼, was another case in point. Not until her teeth were repaired did she resume her former rate of racing speed.—N. Y. Sun.

A Reason.

Mistress—If you don't like your place, what do you stay for?

Maid—For four dollars a wake, mem.—Detroit Free Press.

LITTLE CHANGE.

No Decided Improvement in General Business Shown.

NEW YORK, Feb. 12.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says:

"Improvement in business still appears in many directions, but it seems to be in part balanced by loss in others. The gradual gain, which began some time ago and was strengthened a little by the success of the treasury loan, has scarcely answered expectations. Reports of resumption of work continue to indicate that the industries are doing more than in December, and yet the record of their actual gain is disappointingly small. The marked increase which appears in offerings of commercial paper has almost wholly ceased, and the accumulation of unemployed funds continues so that indorsed mill paper has been taken at 2% per cent. The bond operation has not advanced stocks nor stimulated speculation, and the lowest price ever known for wheat has been recorded. Doubtless the uncertainty which remains, with the tariff bill yet in the senate and currency measures of importance pending in the house, has some hindering influence, but there is still seen an increase in the demand for many kinds of goods because of the exhaustion of the stock in the hands of the dealers by a consumption which, though less than usual, is nevertheless more than in any other country.

"Crop reports were expected to cause a great advance in wheat, but the price has dropped to 53¾ cents cash, the lowest point ever known in this market, and both here and at Chicago May wheat has gone lower than ever. The fall in wheat for the week was 2 cents, with sales of 8,000,000 bushels in one day and 11,000,000 for the week. Sales of corn were small and the price declined less than a cent. Hog products and coffee were substantially unchanged.

"The volume of domestic trade does not materially increase, exchanges indicating a decline compared with last year of 19.5 per cent here and 34.9 per cent at New York. The earnings of railways in January were 12 per cent smaller than last year.

"Textile manufactures are gaining a little. Inquiry discloses larger stocks of cotton goods held by dealers than was supposed, and quite a large proportion of mills likely to close before long unless orders increase, but the number reported starting is again several times the number reported closing.

"Foreign trade does not improve, domestic exports at last falling below those of the corresponding week last year, though for the year thus far the increase is 7 per cent, while the imports are 40 per cent less than last year.

"The failures for the week were 334 in the United States, against 222 last year, and 60 in Canada, against 41 last year, several being of more than ordinary importance."

FAILS FOR A MILLION.

The Sigua Iron Company of Philadelphia Goes Under.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 12.—The Sigua Iron company of this city, but incorporated in West Virginia, has gone into the hands of a receiver. The liabilities are over $1,000,000. The actual amount of assets which might come into the hands of the receiver are said to be $100,000. The assets immediately procurable from debtors, it is stated, are $10,000. The floating debt is placed at $155,000, and it is stated that among the liabilities are an issue of $500,000 debenture bonds. It is related that the company is in default as to the payment of 6 per cent. on the bonds maturing December 1, 1893. The latter default amounts to $15,000.

The Sigua Iron company was incorporated April 28, 1890. The authorized capital is $5,000,000, of which $1,000,000 has been paid in. No dividends have ever been paid. The company's mines are situated at Sigua, Cuba, where it owns other property, including 7½ miles of railroad, with complete equipment, and a pier capable of loading a 2,000-ton steamer in ten hours.

The failure of this company is of more than ordinary significance, because of the men connected with it. The Sigua is one of the enterprises of the Tylers, the Bullits and the Clarks, who are well known in Northern Pacific railroad affairs, who have developed West Virginia and the Shenandoah valley, and who have a dozen great schemes on hand. There is not a breath of anything else being involved. The improvements in the Cuban mines swallowed up $500,000 and the slump in business did the rest.

TWO BABIES CREMATED.

Children of Bert Croman Burned to Death in Their Father's House.

BLOOMSBURG, Pa., Feb. 12.—The house of Bert Croman, together with his two small children, was burned at Light street, a small village near here. The parents had gone to call on a neighbor and had been absent but a short time. A passer-by noticed flames in their house. He gave the alarm and every effort was made to save the little ones, but without avail. When the door was finally broken open the flames were beyond control. The house was completely destroyed. The bodies of the children, charred beyond recognition, were found in the debris. It is supposed a lamp either exploded or that it was accidentally knocked from the table.

BURNED OFF HIS FEET.

Robbers Force a Kentucky Man to Disclose Where His Money Is Hidden.

BARBOURSVILLE, Ky., Feb. 12.—On Leatherwood creek, Cumberland county, Wednesday night three men entered the home of James Clayton, who does not believe in banks, and, after gagging the family, proceeded to compel him to tell where his money was hidden. They fired pistols close to his head, choked him, burned him with hot stones and finally stuck his feet in the fire, holding them there until they burned to a crisp. This finally conquered Clayton, who told where the money was. The robbers got $1,800 and then escaped on three of Clayton's horses. Clayton will probably die.

Gold Reserve Intact.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 12.—The gold reserve of $100,000,000 is once more practically intact, it requiring only $6,256 to make it absolutely so.

Killed by a Falling Elevator.

CHICAGO, Feb. 12.—An elevator in Sprague, Warner & Co.'s wholesale grocery building at the foot of Randolph street dropped from the fifth floor to the basement with lightning speed Friday afternoon. Two men were in the elevator at the time. Michael Laughlin was instantly killed and Paul Stern seriously injured. Both were employes of the company.

John Hart to Hang March 16.

ROCKFORD, Ill., Feb. 12.—John Hart has been sentenced by Judge Shaw to be hanged March 16 for the murder of his two sisters.

Rev. O. H. Power

Symptoms of Cancer

Appeared on my lip. Disagreeable eruptions came on my neck. After taking four bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, all the traces of disease have disappeared and the medicine has given me renewed vigor and strength. I am now almost 73 years of age and I work like a tiger. And I know that Hood's Sarsaparilla has had much to do with my vigor and strength. I recommended it to my wife, who had suffered so much with rheumatic troubles, as also with

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

female weakness. In two years she has used about three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and to-day, and for the last six months, she seems like a new being." REV. O. H. POWER, 2024 Hanover street, Chicago, Ill.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache. 25c.

"COLCHESTER" SPADING BOOT

For Farmers, Miners, R. R. Hands and others.

The outer tap sole extends the whole length of the sole down to the heel, protecting the shank in ditching, digging, and other work. Best quality throughout. ASK YOUR DEALER for them.

THE WISE TRAVELER

IN SELECTING HIS RAILROAD ROUTE, SELECTS THE ROAD

That affords excellent and most comfortable facilities—"The Milwaukee."
That traverses a delightful and picturesque portion of the country—"The Milwaukee."
That has—and merits—the reputation of strength and reliability—"The Milwaukee."
That enjoys popularity and is stamped with public approval—"The Milwaukee."
That has a substantial roadbed and most frequent train service—"The Milwaukee."
That regards, always, the comfort, ease and safety of its patrons—"The Milwaukee."
That furnishes the latest private compartment cars and latest library-buffet-smoking cars—"The Milwaukee."
That furnishes elegant drawing room parlor cars, free reclining chair cars and sumptuous dining cars—"The Milwaukee."
That has exclusive use of the electric berth reading lamp—"The Milwaukee."

"The Milwaukee" combines all the above, and more, too. Its trains are vestibuled, heated by steam, electric lighted and unsurpassed in luxurious appointments.

The immortal Lincoln said: "Follow the people and you cannot be far from right." The people use "The Milwaukee."

J. T. CONLEY, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agt., St. Paul, Minn.

NOTE—Five trains daily from Twin Cities to Chicago; one to St. Louis and one to Kansas City.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, MASS., Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

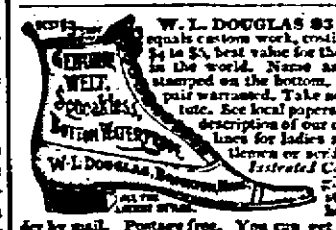
He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.



W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE equals custom work, costing from $4 to $5, best value for the money in the world. Name and price stamped on the bottom. Every pair warranted. Take no substitute. See local papers for full description of our complete lines for ladies and gentlemen or send for Illustrated Catalogue giving instructions how to order by mail. Postage free. You can get the best bargains of dealers who push our shoes.

Coffee, Spices, and Extracts.

Agents wanted to handle our goods on Commission. Lowest possible prices and large Commissions. London Tea Company, 184 Congress St., Boston.

THE STORY TELLER

NORA KILLARN.

How Love Conquered Her Desire for Revenge.

CHAPTER I.

"Come, Nora, be reasonable. I have already exceeded my holiday by weeks, and you must have known this—ah—kind of thing must come to an end. I have been very happy, and am not likely to forget my trip to Ireland or my little Irish friend—for we have been very good friends; and you—you will not forget me altogether, I hope?"

He offered to take her hands. She let him do so, and he looked into her wide, gray eyes, with a melancholy that was not assumed—oh, dear, no! For, though one may feel it wise to throw aside a pretty plaything, it is possible to have regret.

How calm she was, how unnecessary had been his fear of a scene. Reasonable? Yes, she seemed reasonable enough now, although her color had changed so at first.

Godfrey Graeme was not so well pleased after all. A man hates a scene, true; but, on the other hand, he is not gratified by too great a calm, when his mighty, fascinating self is to be withdrawn! 'Tis hurtful to his pride, and, therefore, not to be endured. Nora must show some pain.

"Ah, child, you do not feel as I do; I have delayed the wrench, but now that it must happen I find the pain is all for me."

Tender reproach in his tone.

"I was wondering," she quietly said, "why you ever began this—ah—kind of thing?" and the words that he had used, so carefully repeated, savored of insolence in his ears.

A wild little Irish girl, whom Godfrey had honored by his notice, to dare to mock him! His face flamed.

"Pour passer le temps, my dear;" and, then the gentlemanly feeling in the man rose in hot revolt at such coarse brutality, and he would have given much to recall the speech.

"Forgive me, Nora!"

She had not even winced. A settling of lines about her mouth, and now a glance of faint inquiry; that was all.

"And why should not the truth be told? The mistake was in not letting me know it weeks ago. But I talk foolishly. How could you then have had my love, and the sight of my trusting happiness to amuse you for awhile?"

"Nora, my dear, don't! I spoke in temper; it was cowardly, brutal, and you know I have cared for you; but it is impossible that we can be anything more than friends, and I was a scoundrel to forget it."

And Godfrey, strangely shamed and moved, poured forth words of remorse, regret and affection. He was genuine, too. This six weeks' flirtation should never have been, no, not even pour passer le temps, and that excuse in some men's hearts is enough to palliate a great deal. He, a rising barrister, soon to be a queen's counsel, marked out for future elevation to the bench, well born, and a man of the world, had not any right to have won the love of this self-educated girl, who, for all her refined air, was but the daughter of Irish peasants, and in her simplicity and ignorance had evidently thought love making was always a prelude to marriage!

Nora listened to the speeches that Godfrey's regret now prompted, quite unmoved. Only once was she roused, and that when he spoke of her marrying (as he kindly hoped) some day. Then she lost her calm.

"How dare you imagine me so base! Am I to offer my second-hand affection and my broken trust to an honest man?"

Godfrey was dumb. Such feelings about caresses were unique to him. And how splendid she was in her anger, that, somehow, seemed more against herself than him.

"My dear child," he said, touched by her ideas, and the memory of her resistance that had, unconsciously, been her chief attraction; but, then, her trust once gained, no child could have yielded her confidence more simply or with sweeter generosity given her love.

"My dear child, you are as good and simple as a girl can be! You are oversensitive—you, at least, have no cause to blame yourself."

She looked at him. "No cause to blame myself? I have loved you." And without another word Nora turned and left him.

Godfrey Graeme bit his lips as he watched her retreating figure upon the rough Irish scenery, and then he laughed aloud.

"Bah! Who is unreasonable now? By my soul, not until now, when she hates and despises me, did I know how much I care for this strange, lowly-born girl. Her parents may be peasants, but she is a queen herself, and knows it, too! She is as much above the London doll of society as the same doll would consider her beneath it. What a cur I am in her magnificent eyes! I wish I had never seen her, or else had the courage to raise her to my level in the world. What folly! It would never have done! No, no, my pretty Nora; clever, even talented, as I believe you to be, Godfrey Graeme cannot afford to make you his wife."

CHAPTER II.

Ten years later the star of the London season was one Miss Killarn, granddaughter of Lady Killarn, and, it was whispered, her sole heiress. There was a romantic story, too, afloat, of this young lady's father having made a terrible mesalliance; then, disowned by his family, he had died just before his wife gave birth to their child, leaving her utterly destitute, and the poor young woman, broken hearted and friendless, had only lived on long enough to bring her babe into the world, before she followed her young husband. Some kindly peasant folk, with whom the young couple had lodged in a lonely part of Ireland, had gladly adopted the infant, and brought her up in entire ignorance that they were not her parents, until an accident brought old Lady Killarn and the girl together. Then the latter's resemblance to her father, her grace and talents, had at once won the old lady's heart, and she claimed her granddaughter from the distressed peasants, whom, however, nothing would ever induce Nora to ignore or neglect. She had spent a little of each year with them until this season, so the story ran, but could do so no longer, on account of their death, through fever, which she herself had risked in order to be near them to the last.

Miss Killarn appeared cold enough in society; quite different from the average Irishwoman, people said, but nevertheless she was a success, as, indeed, she could hardly fail to be, when beauty, wit, position and money were arrayed in all their power to win her the homage of the male sex and the envy of her own.

It was a source of wonder that she had never married during the years she had spent traveling about with Lady Killarn, but it was fully expected that this London season would end in a magnificent wedding, for though it was, strange to say, Miss Killarn's first visit to the metropolis, she appeared to have quickly conquered the eligible Godfrey Graeme, the leading queen's counsel of the day, and hitherto considered unassailable in his confirmed bachelorhood.

The progress of the affair was watched with the keenest interest by society at large, and this feeling reached its height at a soiree, given by Lady Killarn, when Godfrey Graeme's marked attention, and the heiress' reception of the same, gave rise to the impression that the courtship would reach a climax to-night, and the betrothal become sealed.

If some of the fair women present envied Miss Killarn her conquest of the handsome man, with his well-assured position in the world, his courtly air and proud bearing, it is certain that every man envied his chances of success with the acknowledged belle of the season, who, apart from her wealth, possessed such unusual powers of witchery. She was not so very young, and in no way affected youth, but thirty years sit lightly upon the shoulders of a lovely woman, especially when she allows them to rest there comfortably, without any ungraceful effort of hers to shift the weight, that must, in the latter case, become a noticeable burden, drawing attention by the very arts that are used to hide its existence. To-night she was no longer cold, her gray eyes were humid, tender, changing, darkening with intensity of feeling, and almost unearthly in their flashes of light.

Her face, framed in her dark hair, was unusually pale, but it was the clear, warm pallor that an artist loves, and contrasted well with the mobile, scarlet mouth and delicately-tinted nostrils. It was a face of intelligence and power, that might have been pretty in girlhood, but certainly claimed a better description now than the word that can be applied to any regular, inane features and pink-and-white complexion.

"Nora!"

Godfrey Graeme and Miss Killarn were alone upon the terrace; behind them the glare of gas and the crowded rooms; facing them the pale light of the moon and peaceful hush of night in early summer.

"Nora, I have never dared to mention the past to you before, but I must to-night, for I want to thank you for your generous forgiveness and to ask you to crown it with the promise, Nora, queen of women, to be my wife."

As in the dead past, he was holding her hands, but it was not with the touch of old, and no woman could have failed to recognize that here was love in such strength as few men are capable of feeling. Had she had the wealth of Crœsus or the station of an empress, yet a woman, with a woman's heart, would have said: "This is love, not avarice or ambition." And Nora Killarn knew it, for though, either from their excessive trust or vanity, women may mistake false love for real, it is rarely, if ever, they mistake the real for false, whether it be welcome or not.

"Speak to me, Nora!" His breath was on her cheek, his heart throbbing against her bare shoulder as he bent down to catch her reply. She was white even to ghastliness as she lifted her eyes to his face.

"Be reasonable, Godfrey!"

"Reasonable? What has reason to do with love like ours?"

"Ours?" And her straight brows were slightly raised.

"Yes, our love," he repeated, sternly. "Would you dare to deny that you have known mine all these weeks since we met again, and would you deny that you have encouraged me in all ways to believe you returned it?"

"No," she answered, briefly.

But his manner at once changed, and Godfrey caught her to his breast.

"Heaven bless you, my queen! Then do not play with me now. I love you, Nora! Do you hear? I love you—you—only you! And I do not need your dear voice to tell me that you love me, too; for if not, why should you have acted as you have done these happy, happy weeks?"

Nora Killarn put her hands upon her breast, pushing him back, so that his eyes looked down into her own, and answered, as he had spoken ten years ago:

"Pour passer le temps!"

Godfrey Graeme's arms fell to his side, and she was free.

"So this is your revenge!" he said passionately. "Well, it is a very ample one, and you have played your part successfully; but loving you, as God knows I do at this moment, I wish you had found a way to punish me without sacrificing your own nobility. It was unnecessary, too, for you would have had me at your feet without lowering your standard of truth."

He left her, as she had once left him, and it seemed to Godfrey Graeme that never before had he realised the degradation of the pastime called by men "Pour passer le temps!" He told himself that he was but feeling the same torment that he and his sex so often inflict upon women, and yet he could not forgive the one whom he had thought so noble for stooping to repay him in his own coin.

He mentally writhed before the half-triumphant, half-pitying glances of comprehension that gazed at his altered demeanor the rest of the evening. He was too proud to at once leave the assembly, as if unable to bear his defeat, and the man's heart was suffering far too much to allow him to appear quite as brilliant and gay as before. How are these things so quickly manifest in society's eyes? To unobservant ones, Godfrey Graeme and Nora Killarn would have appeared much the same in their conduct one to another, and yet, in no time, the whisper had gained every ear that "she has refused him, after all," and many a buried hope in other manly breasts was fanned to life by the report; but Nora Killarn grew colder than ever as the weeks passed, and Godfrey Graeme was no longer to be seen in her grandmother's salon.

He had taken the fever of love very badly, they said, as men will when it is delayed to a certain age; but Miss Killarn was proof against contagion, and had given her too ardent admirer his *congé*.

CHAPTER III.

The story ought to have ended here, of course, but you see it did not. Women's actions are so unaccountable. One would have thought the glory of such a dramatic revenge would have satisfied any female, and that she would have married some one else, have done with romance and lived "happy ever after."

Not a bit of it!

"Sad thing about Godfrey Graeme eh?" Norah Killarn heard, just after entering a theater with her grandmother, Lady Killarn, to see a matinee.

"Lost his eyesight, they say, through an accident with some chemicals. Shocking disfigurement, and, of course, will terribly interfere with his career."

"Poor fellow!" drawled another speaker. "Well, he's been having a fair inning with the good things of life. Lived pretty well up to the hilt, by the way. Doubt if he has saved much of a fortune. If it were I, I'd shoot myself and have done with it."

Here the cynic received a look from the young lady next to him that plainly said it wouldn't be much of a grief to her if he did it at that moment.

"Don't move, grandmamma," she whispered, "but I'm going home. I shall find the carriage waiting somewhere near and will send it back in time for you." And before the rather deaf old lady understood Nora's purpose she left the theater. Lady Killarn was used to her whims, and so settled herself to enjoy the play, to which she supposed Nora had taken an objection.

That young lady drove straight to T—— street, a mile or two from her own home, and dismissed the carriage.

Her cheeks were burning and eyes blazing with sudden resolve.

"Mr. Graeme?" she inquired for, when a man-servant stood before her in answer to an imperious summons at the bell of one of the heavy, gloomy houses in T—— street.

"Is too unwell to be seen, madam."

Most women would have retired; not Nora Killarn.

"He will see me," she said decidedly, "unless he is laid up."

The man hesitated.

"No, madam, but his orders are—"

"I am a very old friend," she interrupted. "I can promise that no blame will attach to you for taking me to him, unannounced."

Her confident air and pleasant smile overruled the servant's reluctance at such an unusual proceeding, and he led the way to the chemical laboratory; then, rather scared by the thought of his master's surprise, beat a hasty retreat, as Nora boldly turned the handle and entered.

Godfrey Graeme started. His eyes were bandaged, but he knew this was not the step of a servant.

"Godfrey!"

Dear me! Away with pride, conventionalism and all restriction when a woman sees the man she loves in pain and trouble.

"Godfrey, forgive me! I told you an untruth. It was not pour passer le temps that I behaved to you so."

He would have risen, but she was kneeling at his side, her tears falling upon his hands.

"Why have you come to tell me this, Nora? For pity's sake, let there be truth between us now! You have had your revenge. I won't say even that I did not deserve it, but let that hateful French sentence be at rest now, for surely it is not to be applied to this scene. Say no, Nora, or such a thought will drive me mad."

For answer, she fastened her arms round his neck, and she laid her wet cheek against his forehead.

"No, Godfrey, no, and forgive me for the lie that in my pride I dared tell. With me, it was and ever will be: 'Je t'aimerai toujours,' sweetest of all French words. Yes; 'I shall always love you.' Oh, my darling, forget the past, and let me be your comfort in the present!"

Terribly humble, was it not? I say again, women are not to be depended upon. A little pity will sweep away years of righteous anger, and from avenging goddesses they are transformed into the meekest of yielding, weeping women.

Blind? No, it was only temporary. Perhaps Nora's kisses cured him; at any rate, his accident won Godfrey Graeme the subjection of as loyal a heart as ever beat. Let us hope he never tried it again.—*Argosy.*

—His Horrible Revenge.—The man whose livery stable with all its contents had been wrecked by a powder explosion sat among the ruins and looked ruefully about him. "I seem to have gone out of business," he said, "under somewhat unfavorable 'oss pieces."—*Chicago Tribune.*

PITH AND POINT.

—He—"Has the time seemed long since I left, dear?" She—"I know it must have, for I can't recall when you went."—*Inter-Ocean.*

—She—"What sort of a pointer was it that Mr. Cartrust gave you?" He (an unsuccessful speculator)—"A disappointer."—*Munsey's Magazine.*

—Actor—"He can play drunken parts better than anyone in the profession." Manager—"Yes, but the trouble is he is too fond of rehearsing."—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Although arithmetics teach that numbers of different articles can not be added to each other many a man has succeeded in adding insult to injury.—*Buffalo Courier.*

—Old Scrugby—"Jane's ankles are far from perfect." Miss Clapper—"How do you know? You never saw them." Old Scrugby—"That's why I know."—*Music and Drama.*

—"Yes, she's dead; but she died happy and under the happiest circumstances." "Indeed! How did she die?" "She was crushed to death at a bargain counter."—*N. Y. Press.*

—A Poetic Maiden.—He—"Who's that handsome girl over there?" She—"That's Miss Crackquelin, of Chicago." He—"She's a poem, isn't she?" She—"I presume so; composed of feet."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Mrs. Peterby—"What a poor-spirited creature you are! I wish you would be either a man or a mouse." Mr. Peterby—"I wish I was a mouse. I'd make you climb up the wall in a minute."—*Texas Siftings.*

—Travers—"I was coming out of my house this morning and I met my tailor." Jagway—"What did he have to say?" Travers—"O, it was so long since he had seen me that he didn't know me."—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Ruralite—"That rooster's name is Macbeth, and that hen's name is Macduff." Visitor—"Rather curious names, aren't they?" Ruralite—"Well, you see the rooster murders sleep and the hens lay on."—*Harlem Life.*

—Wiggs—"In order to have a brilliant first night you must paper the house with people who have diamonds to wear." Fatlites—"Well, give me the list of pawnbrokers. They have them all this winter."—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Wife—"Don't eat much breakfast, dear. I'm afraid of the cook; I don't think she's quite right." Husband—"Great Cæsar! not crazy?" "Yes; she's been here two weeks and she is as respectful and willing to do anything I say as she was the first day."—*Inter-Ocean.*

—The Sister's Beau—"Sa, Johnnie, you're going to be a chemist like papa, eh? And did you know this diamond of mine was the same substance as charcoal?" Johnnie—"No." T. S. B.—"And hasn't papa told you that?" Johnnie—"No. He said it was paste."—*Tit-Bits.*

—It is said that if a lawyer started in to learn the English laws at the rate of one a week, it would take four hundred years to finish his task. It is therefore no wonder that so few members of the profession take the trouble to form an acquaintance with the law of the land.—*Boston Transcript.*

INDIAN PATIENCE.

Though Improvident, He Endures Hunger Bravely for His Children.

The Indians are a patient and clannish people; their love for one another is stronger than that of any civilized people I know. If this were not so, I believe there would have been tribes of cannibals among them. White people have been known to kill and eat their companions in preference to starving; but Indians—never! In times of famine the adults denied themselves a fair meal in order to make the food last as long as possible for the children, who were not able to bear hunger as well as the old. As a people they can go without food much longer than any other nation.

I once passed through one of those hard springs when we had nothing to eat for several days. I well remember the six small birds which constituted the breakfast for six families one morning, and then we had no dinner or supper to follow it. What a relief that was to me—although I had only a small wing of a small bird for my share! Soon after this we came to a region where buffaloes were plenty, and we soon forgot all the suffering we had just gone through.

Such was the Indians' wild life! When game was plenty and the sun shone graciously upon them they forgot the bitter experiences of the winter before. Little preparation was made for the future. They are children of nature, and occasionally she whips them with the lashes of experience; yet they are forgetful and careless. Much of their suffering might have been prevented by a little calculation. During the summer, when nature was at her best and provided abundantly for the savage, it seemed to me that no life was happier than his! Food was free; lodging free; everything free! All were alike rich in the summer; and again, all were alike poor in the winter and early spring. Their diseases were fewer and were not so destructive as now, and the Indians' health was generally good.—*St. Nicholas.*

Her Reasoning.

"John," exclaimed the nervous woman, "do you think there is a burglar in the house?"

"Certainly not. Why, I haven't heard a sound all night."

"That's just what alarms me. Any burglar who wasn't foolish would keep perfectly quiet so as not to excite our suspicions. Indeed, John, I do so wish you would get up and look through the house!"—*Washington Star.*

—As a principle, pride is the parent of almost every virtue and every vice—everything that pleases and displeases in mankind; and as the effects are so very different, nothing is more easy than to discover, even to ourselves, whether the pride that produces them is virtuous or vicious.—*Greville.*

REMEDY FOR HARD TIMES.

Fresh Ideas Advanced—Ben Franklin's Hoarding Attacked.

Never keep money which is due to another. Simple as is this rule, there is none so generally disregarded. We have a large class in this community whose bank accounts would allow them to owe no man anything save charity and good will, yet who make it a matter of pride to pay no small debts save by lordly courtesy or at such times as it may please them to mail a check to the marketman or the mechanic. To them it appears as though the good name they have always borne puts them above suspicion. They would pay instantly on being dunned by the humble creditor, and the latter would await their pleasure months, and borrow money rather, than ask for his due, since to demand his own would be to lose their custom in future. If you can not pay what you owe, or owe nothing, you have no duty in this respect; but if there is the least sum due for work or purchases see to it that the sun does not set to-night until that sum is put into circulation.

2. Spend all you can possibly afford to disburse. I give this advice boldly, although it is just the contrary to that usually offered. But one does not have to be a political economist to see that the relief would be instantaneous. Debt is always to be avoided, but the proper disbursement of one's income to its last available dollar is a blessing to the community. What possible good does money do which is hoarded instead of being put into circulation? Suppose a man in the possession of an income of ten thousand dollars a year were to enter one of our suburban villages and daily spend amongst his neighbors that proportion which he would receive each day? I do not mean giving it right and left for the support of the poor or shiftless, but buying the labor or products of his poorer brethren. Does it require any instruction in political science to see that he would at once turn that town into a very paradise of prosperity? And if all those in comfortable circumstances would scrupulously do this, the dissemination of comforts would increase in proportion to the money spent. The philosophy of Benjamin Franklin has cursed this country with a mania for hoarding; we fail to realize that the identical economy which may be commendable in the young mechanic may be a positive wrong in the retired merchant.

Did you ever calculate the amount of good done by (let us call it in the Franklin phraseology) the useless extravagance of inviting a lady to the theater? In the first place, in accepting, she will probably disburse for gloves, millinery or seamstress work quite a pretty sum, each payment being a blessing to the one who receives it, sometimes representing to the employe the very means of life. Then your own disbursement will help support the hack-driver, the florist, the hotel where you dine together, while it would be impossible for the large and worthy corps of the employes of the theater to get their daily bread were it not for just such extravagance as that of which you are guilty.

To rigidly economize at such times as the present, so that you may have the means to give for benevolent purposes, is simply to withhold with the one hand that you may disburse with the other. If the two rules herein recommended were observed by every person in the community, only the inebriate and the culpably shiftless would be a charge on their fellows. As intimated here, I do not in the least share the general commendation of Benjamin Franklin. His maxims are worldly, sensual, selfish, entirely ignoring chivalric, spiritual or lofty ideals. The effect of his parsimonious ideal of human conduct is to be seen in just such stringency as that which is now felt by the American people.—*Boston Transcript.*

I'LL AND YE'LL.

The Difference in Suitors Demonstrated by the Frenchman.

About the year 1837, when Detroit didna ken whither to fa' into a decline, or advance to her present satisfactory condition, there resided in it Duncan Macgowan. I have been at some pains to trace his pedigree, and find that by the fourth generation he was descended from John Macgowan, the author of a somewhat rare book entitled "The Dialogue of Devils."

Duncan was a young man who had drank deeply at the Calvinistic fountain. He came to the conclusion that it was ordained that his head should wag in the pulpit. To further this object he proceeded to London, C. W., to attend school and get his head stuffed with the unknowable. While there he was struck with the pangs of love by a young lady, who possessed good sense and a cultivated understanding. Duncan proposed to her and he said:

"I'll be all the world to thee."

She said: "A young farmer has been paying me marked attention, and your proposal places me in an embarrassing position."

Some days after the confab the farmer called upon the lady and she told him that Duncan had said "that he would be all the world to her." Whereupon the young farmer struck his fist upon the table and with rapture exclaimed:

"Ye'll be all the world to me." The farmer won, and Duncan

Was sad as if stung with a nettle. And as mad as a dog that is tied to a kettle.

—*Detroit Tribune.*

Shocking Vulgarity.

Aunt Maria—And how were the ladies dressed, Carrie?

Carrie—Why, aunt, I'm astonished! Ladies are gowned, not dressed. The word "dressed" is only used in good society in reference to food.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Gray—"Dillington dresses pretty well. Wonder if he earns much money?" Black—"No; but he has a big salary."—*Boston Transcript.*

SQUEAKING SHOES

Annihilation Seems to be the Only Safe and Reliable Cure.

"These shoes will drive me crazy," said my friend Craggs to me as he put forward in evidence a foot clad in a brand new and decidedly neat-looking, cork-soled shoe.

"I wouldn't mind a touch of that same form of insanity myself," said I, looking disparagingly at the pair which incased my own feet.

"Perhaps not, but just listen." My friend arose from his chair and walked briskly across the room, whereupon there ensued a tumult of squeaking and shrieking from the soles of his shoes that much resembled the groaning of a prairie wagon crossing the plains.

"I bought these shoes," continued Craggs, "because they had cork soles and would keep my feet dry. When I found them possessed of this infernal squeak I was willing to try anything to stop it that offered a chance of success. One of my friends told me to place the shoes overnight on a sheet of wet blotting paper and in the morning the squeak would be gone. I did so. When I put them on the next morning they were soaking wet, and I had to wear them that way all day. The result was I caught cold, and not only did it fail to stop the squeaking of the shoes, but every time I drew a long breath for the next week my chest squeaked nearly as loud as the shoes.

"Acting upon the advice of other friends, I have variously filled the soles full of pegs till they look like anything but hand-sewed shoes, oiled them, soaked them, hammered them and cursed them. The only satisfaction I have derived is from the latter—but the shoes bid fair to squeak on forever.

"If I'm late to church I go home again rather than walk down the aisle. If I'm late to theater I—ahem!—I squeak my way shamefacedly to my seat. When I walk along the street the newsboys yell at me and take a fiendish delight in my embarrassment. Finally, when my business keeps me out late at night, as it often does, I actually have to sit down on the front stoop and take my shoes off before I enter the house rather than wake the occupants of the entire flat.

"I have learned one thing, to my sorrow. Total annihilation is the sole and only cure for squeaking shoes."—*N. Y. Herald.*

WATER COLOR SKETCHING.

Directions to the Amateur How to Prepare for Work.

The sketch for a water color should be light and made with a hard pencil. A soft pencil leaves black dust which will darken the washes. To avoid this a silver pencil is sometimes used; the soft gray mark is easily covered. Any erasures may be made with small particles of bread. Do not use a rubber, as it will either glaze or roughen the paper and thus prevent the washes from flowing evenly.

Flower studies will be the most interesting and the most easily managed for the first attempts. It is a good plan to arrange a few flowers which are to be sketched in a small-necked bottle filled with fresh water. A small piece of charcoal dropped into the water will keep the flowers fresh for several days, giving ample time to study them. Frail blossoms, that are apt to drop their petals if disturbed, may be made to last for several days by applying a little liquid glue to the base of the flower with a small, soft brush.

When a sketch of flowers has been made, and carefully corrected until satisfactory, give the surface of the paper a light wash of clean water, being careful to exactly follow the penciled outline, for the color, when applied will extend over the same surface as the wash. As one can not always control the washes until after a great deal of practice it will be best not to attempt a background at first. For flower studies the backgrounds are often mere shadow suggestions, yet they add much to the effect.—*N. Y. Recorder.*

She Bought a Door-Bell.

Agent—Beg pardon, ma'am, but I have been requested by a number of persons to call here and show you our new patent Electric Wakethedead Door-bell. It's very hard on hands to have to knock, ma'am, and everybody says the only reason why you haven't a bell is because you never thought of it.

Housekeeper—That's very true. I really had forgotten that there was no bell. Put one in.

Agent (half an hour late)—It's all done, ma'am. Here's the bill. Thank you. I'll receipt it.

Housekeeper—Would you object to telling me who the persons were who complained that I had no bell.

Agent—They were peddlers, ma'am. Good-day, ma'am.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

She Got There.

A Second avenue lady sent her seven-year-old boy four or five blocks up street to tell a friend of hers to come in and see her on business. A few minutes after the boy's return the lady drove up in a cart.

"Mamma," inquired the boy, "is that a jiffy Mrs. Blank is riding in?"

"A jiffy," exclaimed the mother. "I never heard of such a thing. What's a jiffy?"

"I don't know," replied the child earnestly; "she told me when I told her you wanted her that she would be here in a jiffy."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Dr. Trusler, two centuries ago, was the first vender of printed sermons. He manufactured them from the works of celebrated divines, throwing in here and there a little poetry, a few quotations from ancient orators, philosophers and historians, and sold them to clergymen who read them as their own.

—Denmark is said to have 149 Young Men's Christian associations, the eldest dating from 1851. The Copenhagen branch has 400 members. Two other branches have over 100 each, while the smallest is said to have five members.

They landed, and having discharged the waterman groped their way up the dark stairs to the landing above, where they stopped, talking together in a low voice and in their own tongue. Eventually Drigo left them and went up to the Joy to see that the road was clear. Meanwhile, made reckless by my unsatisfied yearnings, I had left my place, and following them noiselessly up the steps stood now almost within arm's reach of Taras. I distinguished the profile of his face quite clearly against the faint light beyond as he turned to speak a few cheering words to one of his friends—the bold, handsome outline of his aquiline nose, the curve of his mustache and his short, pointed beard. Almost I fancied I could see in his face the expression of happiness in having rescued his friends. I was envious of that kindly regard bestowed upon another, and drawing a step nearer, by an instinctive impulse, raised my hand and laid it timidly on his arm. The act was not intentional. I could not help doing it.

The movement was seen by his companion, who started with a stifled cry of alarm. Taras, seeing me, spoke a few low words of remonstrance to his friend that seemed to say: "What are you afraid of? It's only a poor, miserable wait." Then, recognizing me at a second glance, he exclaimed softly in English:

"Ah, it is you!"

"Yes, me—the kipper," I tried to say, but my voice was thick with feverish agitation and my words unintelligible.

"You have come to tell us that it is all right," he said, adding, after he had given this explanation to his friends, "it's very good of you," and he nodded at me again with that kind smile that had wrought such a mysterious effect upon my nature.

Just then Drigo whistled softly from the side door of the Joy, and Taras hurried his friends forward, leaving me there with more happiness in my heart than I had felt in the whole of my life.

I waited on the landing until they had all filed into the Joy. Then I slipped past the closed door and ran across to the archway in Sweet Apple lane opposite the house. I knew that there was no accommodation for the party in the Joy, and that as soon as the escaped men had changed their clothes they would come away. As there was no other way but through Sweet Apple lane they must pass me, and I should see Taras once more.

I had stood there not many minutes when I heard a glass crash in the Joy, and the next moment there was a deep thud as if some one had thrown himself against the door; then there followed a stifled cry, the shuffling of feet and the sound of heavy blows. These sounds left me in no doubt as to what was going on in the bar of the Joy. In Shadwell one hears the noise of fighting every night. But I could hardly believe that Drigo and Putty were the attacking party. The latter I knew to be a coward and feeble as well, being sodden with drink. Taras, I felt sure, could defend himself against half a dozen such men as he, and timid as his friends might be it was not likely that they would stand aside and make no effort to aid him. I had no fear for him, but rather a savage exultation in the belief that he would thrash his enemies and punish them according to their deserts. It occurred to me that he had discovered Drigo's treachery and was now giving him a lesson not to be forgotten, and with a burning desire to hear him howling for mercy I ran across the road and put my ear to the door.

I ran across the road and put my ear to the door.

The fight was over already. I could hear no sound save a faint whispering and occasionally the shuffling of feet, and even these indications of movement within ceased after awhile, leading me to believe that the whole party had retired into the room behind the bar. I could not make it out. There was no swearing, no altercation, nothing but silence. It was the strangest way of concluding a fight or a quarrel that I had ever heard. What did it mean? Had Taras killed Drigo by some terrible blow of that strong arm and were they all silenced by the fear of alarming the police? That seemed to me the most plausible explanation.

I betook myself hurriedly to the dark archway as I heard a grating of the lock in the side door of the Joy, and almost immediately afterward I saw the three escaped friends of Taras come up from Ferryboat lane. I recognized all three as they passed the archway. They walked in haste. I thought then that they might be in search of a doctor, but they never returned. After a time I ventured down the alley. There was no light to be seen through the fanlight of the side door, and all was silent as the night. I hung about the place in vague perplexity, unable to leave it, expecting every minute some further development of the mystery.

At 7 o'clock, when it was broad daylight, the front door of the Mariner's Joy opened, and Putty came out and took down the shutters. He had not a scratch on his face. While he was thus engaged Drigo appeared, and he also showed no sign of having been in the fight. He spoke to Putty and then walked off along Sweet Apple lane. Putty went in and reappeared, sweeping away the fragments of broken glass. Then for the first time a terrible fear that Taras had been killed in the fight took hold of me and shook me like an ague. But I did not know what to do. I was like one paralyzed—incapable of action. I never thought of going to the police. What use if Taras was dead? Besides, from the earliest days of my recollection, I had regarded the police as my natural enemy—the enemy of all outcasts and homeless wretches like me.

But after a time I caught sight of Drigo returning down Sweet Apple lane with a loaf under his arm and other provisions in his hands. Then, desperate with this new-born fear, I stepped into the road from the doorway where I had been crouching and stopped him.

"Where is he—the big man with the fair beard?" I asked.

"Why," said he in his broken English, and with a grin on his hateful face, but not a sign of embarrassment or surprise, "he went away with his friends hours ago."

"That's a lie," said I; "only three men have come out of the Joy in the night, and those are the three who went into it with you and the man with the fair beard."

"I won't contradict a lady, but if he didn't go away with his friends he is in the house now, and if you are still in doubt *you had better come in and see.*"

The words I have underlined he whispered with such a fiendish grin that there was no mistaking his meaning. If he had said plainly, "Come in and share the same fate as the man with the fair beard," the threat would not have been more obvious.

"Will you come, Beauty?" he added with a sneer.

I made no reply, and he went on to the Joy with a derisive chuckle.

It was not the fear of death that made a coward of me; my life was too wretched and hopeless to be cherished. It was just the dread of personal violence and physical suffering; that's all. But in the course of the morning I grew apathetic under the sense of weariness and dejection. "If the man with the fair beard is killed," I said to myself, "I may as well be killed, too, and be done with it for good and all."

And with this thought I crossed the lane and pushed open the swing door of the Joy.

CHAPTER III.

A STRANGE VOICE.

There was no one in the bar of the Joy, but I heard the low murmur of voices in the room beyond; so my courage holding out I went behind the bar counter, right up to the open door, and looked in. The shutters were still closed, but by the light that came in through the bar windows I saw Drigo and Putty sitting face to face at the dirty table, with pipes in their mouths and a can of drink between them, playing cards. The air was thick with smoke, but it was clear enough that no one, dead or alive, was in the room but those two.

Without looking at me Putty, sorting his cards, asked me what I wanted, embellishing the question with a few foul words. His calmness astonished me.

"I want to see the fair man," said I suddenly.

"Then you'll have to wait till he comes back."

"He ain't gone out, and you know it. I ain't took my eyes off the door since he came in this morning at half past 2."

"Oh, very well. If he isn't gone out, you'd better look about here and find him. Two for his bloomin nob," he added, addressing Drigo as he turned up a card.

On the ground floor there were but those two rooms—the bar and the parlor. To find Taras I must look in the rooms above. My retreat would be cut off if I went up stairs, and if Taras was murdered and lying there I knew well enough that I should never be allowed to tell the tale. But I took Putty at his word without hesitation, and prepared for the worst made my way down the side passage to the stairs, and after assuring myself that the cupboard under the stairs was empty, save for a little coal piled in one corner, and that the passage itself contained nothing, I went up to the story above with a faltering step, quaking with the double terror of finding Taras dead and of hearing the stairs behind me creak under the pursuing feet of his murderers. I passed from room to room, laying my hand against the wall for support, my heart ceasing to beat whenever a rotten board creaked under my foot.

The three rooms that composed the flat were absolutely empty; there was nothing above but the cockloft. To reach that I had to ascend a ladder and creep through the trapdoor. But I did it, though I expected never to come down again.

The loft was empty and thick with the unstirred dust of years. I descended the ladder and went down stairs, too bewildered by this mystery to reason upon it. The two men were still playing in the den behind the bar; they had not troubled themselves to follow me.

"Well, ha' you found him?" Putty called out, hearing my step.

"He ain't there," I answered stupidly.

"Preaps he's made o' glass, as you didn't see him along of his friends and can't see him nowheres about the house."

"I wouldn't give him up," sneered Drigo. "Come and sit down with us till he comes back."

"Oh, if you're a-goin to stay, you ken give the bar a bit of a clean up. "There's all them pots"— Putty broke off short as if he had received some silent admonition from Drigo.

I went behind the counter and began to put it in order mechanically, for my thoughts were now occupied in solving the mystery of this disappearance. I asked myself if at any time during my watch I had given away to fatigue and dozed. No; I had sat down only for a few minutes, and certainly I had not lost consciousness then. I felt that it was an impossibility for Taras to have passed me without my perceiving him. Had they thrown his body in the river? No! In the silence of the night I should have heard the door in Ferryboat alley open a second time as I had heard it the first, nor could a heavy body have been carried down the alley without the scuffling of feet being audible. Besides, the risk was one which Putty, I knew, had not the courage to run. And their composure now was not consistent with their having done a dangerous deed, though Drigo might very well have counseled Putty to assume indifference in order to avert suspicion which might have led me to communicate with the police.

The most reasonable conjecture I could form was that Taras had actually left the Joy with his friends and had turned down to the water instead of accompanying them into Sweet Apple lane. He might have ordered the waterman to return, and so got away. If this were really the case, he might return as Drigo had intended—not that his word was to be taken in earnest; his whole tone was ironical and indicative of double meaning. But the hope that Taras still lived and might return put new life into me, and I went about my work behind the bar with such alacrity that I think the men inside conceived I was trying to make amends for my misbehavior. At any rate, after a long silence, in which they cast furtive glances at me every now and then, their suspicion relaxed, and they entered heartily into a dispute over some trick which one had played with the cards while the other was not watching, and this led to their devoting more attention to their game.

I had a row of washed glasses on the bar and was standing in front of the parlor door wiping them when my sense of hearing gradually took recognition of a sound which did not come from the men at my back. The silence of my occupation allowed me to listen and yet continue working. The sound was very faint. Its regularity attracted my attention. One does not notice the single chirp of a sparrow, but if the chirping is continued persistently for any length of time it never fails to excite attention. It was just the same with this sound, which I noticed after awhile occurred in this way, with regular intervals between:

"Tap, tap, tap—tap, tap—tap, tap—tap, tap—tap, tap—tap," and so on over and over again.

I looked round the bar for an explanation. I saw no vibrating bottle on the shelves such as the sound seemed to indicate. There was no wind to shake the yellow curtain against the front window. It seemed to come from the old disused beer engine before me, and I touched one of the handles to see if it was loose. The rattle it made under my hand was answered almost immediately by a similar rattle, and then the engine itself seemed to be whispering with a human voice.

The glass nearly slipped from my hand, but I recovered my presence of mind in an instant and went on polishing the glasses till a new dispute arose within over a false cut. Then I touched the handle again, and again the rattle was echoed by another, and as I strained my ears I heard the whispering sound once more. The engine was articulating words, but so faintly that I caught but the last three, and they were:

—"for God's sake!"

My hair seemed to crisp up on my head as I listened. The voice was awful to my ignorant, superstitious mind. I thought the dead was speaking to me. Then on a sudden my reason suggested a natural explanation of the mystery—the voice came through the pipes from the cellar.

I had not before thought of the cellar, for the simple reason that I had forgotten its existence. Five years before it had been closed, for a motive which I shall presently explain, and since that time no one had entered it. The beer was no longer drawn from the cellar, but from the casks set up behind the bar, and the trap between the entrance and the bar, through which the casks used to be let down into the cellar, had been screwed down and formed part of the floor over which we walked daily.

Now I recollected that the carpenter had been in the Joy the day before and had doubtless withdrawn the screws and made the flap practicable for descent. Even now, as I glanced at the floor, I failed to see any difference in its appearance or any sign of the trap having been moved. The sand with which the floor was strewn had been carefully rubbed into the cracks so as to completely conceal the opening. But Taras was down there—I felt sure of that—and as if to confirm it the tapping recommenced.

"Tap, tap, tap—tap, tap—tap—tap, tap, tap—tap, tap—tap."

But now the sounds seemed to my excited imagination terribly loud, causing every muscle in my body to contract with the dread of being heard by Putty or the quicker witted Drigo. What signal could I make to let Taras know that I had heard him and that he was to cease tapping the pipe? It occurred to me that if I could hear his voice through the pipe he could hear mine, but I dared not approach my lips to the engine, and still less answer the whisper, for the machine was in full view of the men in the parlor. The tapping continued—still more audibly it seemed to me. I must stop it, even if I killed every hope I had raised, by replying to his signal with the handle.

Hung close to the engine and laying my hand on the handle to pull it down and open the valves, if it would, I said in a loud voice:

"I'm done now, bloke, and I'm a-goin. Will you give me something for a bit of grub? I ain't eat nothin today."

He had some coppers on the table that were won from Drigo, and he threw a few on the floor with some brutal words. I picked them up without a reply, but as I turned to go I had the gumption to say in a moaly tone:

"I shall kum after dinner and see if he's back—that fellow with the beard. He's took my fancy awful."

I went out with the fierce determination to keep the spirit of that promise. I would see Taras, but by means they little dreamed of for all their villainous craft.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Not In Her Set.

A lady went to get a check cashed at a bank where she was entirely unknown.

"It will be impossible for me to give you the money, madam," said the teller politely, "unless you can identify yourself in some way."

"But I am Miss C——!" said the lady.

"Certainly, but it will be necessary for some one whom we know to give you an introduction to us."

She drew back and regarded him haughtily.

"But, sir," she said in what has been called "[illegible] purr," "I do not wish to [illegible] life."

[illegible] Artist.

Meizan is the [illegible] of Japan's greatest decorator of Satsuma art ware. A writer on the subject says Meizan is beyond question the first artist in Japan. No one can blend colors as harmoniously or paint flowers so delicately. No one is such a master of design as applied to borders. No one save Meizan, to put the case concretely, knows how to fill a bowl 2¼ inches in diameter with 2,000 cho-cho, or butterflies, making each distinct and a thing of beauty.—Philadelphia Press.

Snow Statues For Charity.

London is talking about the adoption of an interesting winter fad, which has been popular for several seasons in Brussels. All the sculptors of the city were invited to spend two or three days creating snow statues and groups in one of the public parks, and then the public was invited to view the collection upon payment of a small fee for the benefit of the poor.

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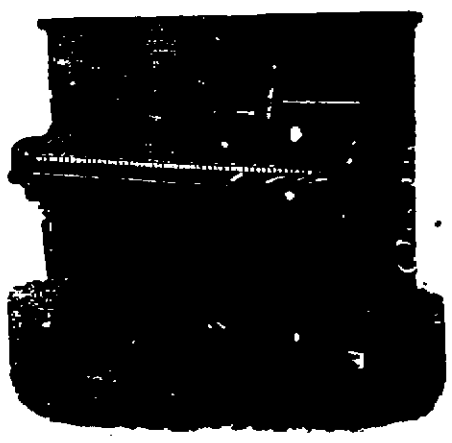

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